

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning, Price 6d.; or 10d. if sent into the Country, Post Free, on the Day of Publication. Country and Foreign Readers may be supplied with the unstamped edition in Monthly and Quarterly Parts.

No. 267.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1824.

Price 6d.

### Review of New Books.

*Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.* A Novel. From the German of GOETHE. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh.

Who has not read or heard of the Sorrows of Werter? And how few will not hail with pleasure another novel from the same pen? Yet Werter was a performance of Goethe's youth, at which he now smiles as a thing unworthy of his genius; it was a production too, which, in its English dress, was injudiciously stripped of what his admirers say constituted the chief excellence of the original, 'a tone of strength and sarcastic emphasis,' 'touches of powerful thought,' 'glimpses of a philosophy deep as it is bitter.' Wilhelm Meister was written in Goethe's forty-fifth year, and affords us of course a more distinct view of the author's matured genius and manner of thought than any of his earlier works. It first appeared at Berlin, in 1795, and numerous editions of it have been since printed in Germany; the critics loaded it with encomiums; 'its songs and poems are familiar to every German ear; the people read it and speak of it with an admiration approaching to enthusiasm.' Strange to say, however, no one has, till now, been tempted to try whether that which has been so generally pleasing in Germany might not be as pleasing in England; the present being the first translation of it into English which has yet appeared. That the experiment will be a very successful one we cannot indeed venture to predict; for, though Wilhelm Meister be the more finished production of a writer who is already a favorite with a large class of readers amongst us, and though it is rich in beauties of all sorts, there are, nevertheless, certain blemishes in its composition, so repellant to the moral tastes and habits of the English people, that we shall not be greatly surprised if they operate exclusively to its prejudice. 'In many points,' says the translator, 'both literary and moral, I could have wished devoutly that he had not written as he has done.' Most devoutly do we wish so, for between a fear of the harm some parts of the book may do, and a deep sense of the moral excellence of others, we are somewhat at a loss how to deal with it as a whole.

If our fiat could prevent its finding its way into the hands of our youth, we should perhaps say, that it were better far that all the treasures of fine thought which it contains were lost to the world, than that the hazard should be run of polluting a single innocent mind by the false notions and impure descriptions with which these treasures are intermixed. But since no such high prerogative belongs to us, since the book will be read in spite of all that critic or sage may say to the contrary, we must content ourselves with interposing such considerations as may lessen, if not entirely obviate, the danger of a perusal.

First, however, with respect to the translator's share in the volumes before us, we feel bound to say, that he has executed his task with singular faithfulness and ability. He has not, like the translators of Werter, thrown the kernel away, and presented us with the shell. He states with truth, that except 'a few phrases and sentences not in all amounting to a page,' which he has dropped, 'as evidently unfit for the English taste,' he has studied to present the work 'exactly as it stands in German.' We only wish he had dropped more; for though, generally speaking, we disapprove of translators erecting themselves into expurgators, yet, where, as in this case, there is a necessity which justifies the omission of one page, the same necessity might have equally justified the omission of fifty. The 'phrases and sentences' which the translator has left out as 'unfit for the English taste,' can scarcely be more grossly unfit than much that has been retained. He ought either to have weeded unsparingly or not at all. The faults of the piece should either have been presented in all their native rankness and abundance, when they would have been more likely to excite a wholesome disgust of the reader, or they should have been suppressed entirely.

The Germans, by way of apology for the reprehensible parts of the work, would have us believe that it is altogether of an allegorical and typical cast. According to them, it was the author's intention, under the mask of a series of personal adventures, to give 'a light airy sketch of the development of man in all its endowments and faculties, gradually proceeding from the first rude exhibitions of puppets and mountebanks, through the perfection of poetic and dramatic art, up to the unfolding of the principle of religion, and the greatest of all arts, the art of life.' But if such were his design, we can only say, that he has succeeded to a wonder in concealing it from all eyes but his own. It is what no one would spontaneously conclude from a perusal of the work itself. The endeavour to fix this meaning on the composition puts one in mind of what certain irreverent

disbelievers say of the Song of Solomon, that, but for the interpretation with which its Christian editors have been pleased to honour it, no one could ever have imagined that it was a Song of Zion.

The plot or story of Wilhelm Meister, except when viewed through some such mystical transforming glass as this, will be found to have little if any meaning in it. The hero of it, as the translator confesses, is a mere *milk-sop*, whom, 'with all his gifts, it takes an effort to avoid despising; the characters with whom he comes in contact are rather 'samples to judge of than persons to love or hate': all their motives of action are clouded and obscure, and the general denouement teaches absolutely nothing.

The ineptness of the work is the more remarkable that the *dramatis personae* are purely ideal characters, the mere coinage of the author's own brain; he might have formed them as he pleased, and made them to inculcate what lessons he pleased: that he has compounded them so badly is owing, perhaps, to their being so exclusively the creatures of fancy; a little of the alloy of real life would have made them both act and talk more rationally. The Germans extol to the skies Goethe's knowledge of human nature; but it is a knowledge of human nature in the abstract merely: his wisdom is but that of the closet; he is but a child in his acquaintance with men as they really exist, feel, and act. Life is with him all artifice and plot, and the characters in it all engaged in a sort of harlequinade, frisked about they know not how, and frisking they know not for what;—every thing with him must be brought about by means the most artificial and *outré*, and of the simplicity of nature and truth we rarely see any thing, unless when it is some simple incident, or some single aspect of character that he has to pourtray.

But it is time we should leave these volumes to speak for themselves. The story is too long and complicated, to be convenient for analysis, but we shall endeavour to touch on most of its leading features. Wilhelm Meister is a burgher's son, who has imbibed an early passion for the stage, and while yet a lad and under his father's roof, falls in love with a young actress, called Mariana. He owns his passion, and without more ado is made as happy as man could wish. 'All, all that is my own,' said the fair damsel, 'will I give up to him who loves me; what more! No sour faces! I will abandon—'

26



don myself to this affection *as if it were to last for ever.* The minx knew that it could not last for ever; for she was but taking advantage of a fortnight's absence of a prior lover, to bestow her favours on the enamoured boy. The simple Wilhelm, however, is kept ignorant of all this; and, notwithstanding the amazing celerity of his conquest, *honours and esteems* his darling Mariana, as much as if she had been one of the best and purest of her sex. Every thing now appeared new to him; 'his duties seemed *holier*, his inclinations keener, his knowledge clearer, his talents sharper, his purposes more decided.' (What stuff!) The fortnight of enjoyment however elapses; the first lover returns; and Wilhelm is informed by the following billet doux, which comes accidentally into his hands, of the real value of the conquest he had achieved:—

"As I love thee, little fool, what ailed thee last night? This evening I will come again. I can easily suppose that thou art sick of staying here so long: but have patience; at the fair I will return for thee. And observe, never more put me on that abominable black-green-brown jacket; thou lookest in it like the witch of Endor. Did I not send the white nightgown that I might have a snowy little lambkin in my arms? Send thy letters always by the ancient sibyl; the Devil himself has selected her as Iris."

We presume there cannot be two opinions as to the character to be given to this first stage of the hero's progress;—the boy's delusion is not like any thing to be met with in real life; nor is it fit for public exhibition, if it were. The consequences which follow his discovery, make the affair still more absurd; and yet the passage in which they are described is particularly pointed out by the translator as one of the happiest specimens of Goethe's genius. It is thus that poor Wilhelm mourned when others would have only pouted or laughed:—

'Whoever strives in our sight with vehement force to reach an object, be it one that we praise or that we blame, may count on exciting an interest in our minds; but when once the matter is decided, we turn our eyes away from him; whatever once lies finished and done, can no longer at all fix our attention, especially if we at first prophesied an evil issue to the undertaking.'

'Therefore, we shall not try to entertain our readers with any circumstantial account of the grief and desperation into which the ill-fated Wilhelm was cast, when he saw his hopes so unexpectedly and instantaneously ruined. On the contrary, we shall even pass over several years, and again take up our friend, where we hope to find him in some sort of activity and comfort. First, however, we must shortly set forth a few matters necessary for maintaining the connection of our narrative.'

'The pestilence, or a malignant fever, rages with more fierceness; and speedier effect, if the fame which it attacks was

before healthy and full of vigour; and in like manner, when a luckless unlooked-for fate overtook the wretched Wilhelm, his whole being in a moment was laid waste. As when by chance, in the preparation of some artificial fireworks, any part of the composition kindles before its time, and the skilfully bored and loaded barrels,—which, arranged, and burning after a settled plan, would have painted in the air a magnificently varying series of flaming images,—now hissing and roaring, promiscuously explode with a confused and dangerous crash; so, in our hero's case, did happiness and hope, pleasure and joys, realities and dreams, clash together with destructive tumult, all at once in his bosom. In such desolate moments, the friend that has hastened to deliverance stands fixed in astonishment; and for him who suffers, it is a benefit that sense forsakes him.

'Days of pain unmixed, ever-returning, and purposely renewed, succeeded next; still even these are to be regarded as a grace from nature. In such hours Wilhelm had not yet quite lost his mistress; his pains were indefatigable struggles, still to hold fast the happiness that was gliding from his soul; again to luxuriate in thought on the possibility of it; to procure a brief after-life for his joys that had departed for ever. Thus one may look upon a body, as not utterly dead, while the putrefaction lasts; while the forces that in vain seek to work by their old appointment, still labour in dissevering the particles of that frame which they once animated; and not till all is disunited and inert, till we see the whole mouldered down into different dust, not till then does there rise in us the mournful vacant sentiment of death,—death, not to be recalled save by the breath of Him that lives for ever.

'In a temper so new, so entire, so full of love, there was much to tear asunder, to desolate, to kill; and even the healing force of youth gave nourishment and violence to the power of sorrow. The stroke had extended to the roots of his whole existence. Werner, by necessity his confidant, attacked the hated passion itself with fire and sword, resolutely zealous to search into the monster's inmost life. The opportunity was lucky, the evidence at hand, and many were the histories and narratives with which he backed it out. With such unrelenting vehemence did he make his advances, leaving his friend not even the respite of the smallest momentary self-deception, but treading down every lurking-place in which he might have saved himself from desperation, that Nature, not inclined to let her darling perish utterly, visited him with sickness, to make an outlet for him on the other side.

'A violent fever, with its train of consequences, medicines, overstraining and exhaustion; besides the unwearied attentions of his family, the love of his brothers and sisters, which first becomes truly sen-

sible in times of distress and want, were so many fresh occupations to his mind, and thus formed a kind of painful entertainment. It was not till he grew better, in other words, till his strength was exhausted, that Wilhelm first looked down with horror into the gloomy abyss of a barren misery, as one looks down into the hollow crater of an extinguished volcano.

'He now bitterly reproached himself, that after so great a loss he could yet enjoy one painless, restful, indifferent moment. He despised his own heart, and longed for the balm of tears and lamentation.

'To awaken these again within him, he would recall to memory the scenes of his by-gone happiness. He would paint them to his fancy in the liveliest colours, transport himself again into the days when they were real; and when standing on the highest elevation he could reach, when the sunshine of past times again seemed to animate his limbs and heave his bosom, he would look back into the fearful chasm, would feast his eye on its dismembering depth, then plunge down into its horrors, and thus force from nature the bitterest pains. With such repeated cruelty did he tear himself in pieces; for youth, which is so rich in undeveloped force, knows not what it squanders, when to the anguish which a loss occasions, it adds so many sorrows of its own production, as if it meant then first to give the right value to what is gone for ever. He likewise felt so convinced that his present loss was the sole, the first, the last which he ever could experience in life, that he turned away from every consolation which aimed at showing that his sorrows might be less than endless.'

(To be continued.)

*South Sea Islands; being a Description of the Manners, Customs, Religion, and State of Society among the various Tribes scattered over the Great Ocean, called the Pacific or the South Sea. Illustrated with Twenty-six Engravings. 2 vols. 18mo. London, 1824.*

WE have always been great admirers of Shoberl's *World in Miniature*, so tastefully got up by Mr. Ackermann; and of all the subjects hitherto treated of, and we believe there have been ten different divisions of the work published, we suspect that the present volumes will for some time be the most popular, since they appear at so wretched a time. The reader need not be told that our allusions are to the visit of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands—not need we say that those islands are in the Pacific or South Sea, an ocean comparatively little known, until the peaceful expeditions sent out by the British government half a century ago, and the indefatigable exertions of our great navigator, Capt. Cook, explored this sea, visited its islands, and exhibited their inhabitants in all the freshness of a new discovery, thus opening to the philosopher a fertile theme of inquiry and speculation.

The South Sea Islands, of which the work



before us gives so good a description, embrace not only the Sandwich Isles, but the Friendly Islands, the Marquesas, Easter, Society, Radack, and Caroline, Islands, New Zealand, New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, the Feejee Islands, and Pitcairn's Island. Of the situation and extent of these islands, and the religion, manners, customs, and peculiarities of their several inhabitants, Mr. Shoberl gives a correct and spirited picture. The engravings, twenty-six in number, are coloured, and exhibit not only the costume of various inhabitants, but other views calculated to illustrate the description. Having now spoke of these volumes generally, we shall make a few extracts from the account of the Sandwich Islands, premising that the editor appears to have consulted the best and the latest authorities on this as well as on other subjects. Of the Sandwich Islands, Mr. Shoberl says:—

'This important groupe, which has of late years strongly attracted the attention of the civilized world, consists of eleven islands lying between 18 and 22 degrees north latitude, and 150 and 160 degrees west longitude. They are called by the natives Owhyhee, Mowee, Ranai, Morotoi, Tarhoo-rowa, Woahoo, Atooi, Neeheeheow, Oreehoun, Morotinne, and Tahoorra. The last two are uninhabited. The population of the others is estimated at 400,000 souls, of which number Owhyhee alone is supposed to contain 150,000, being eighty-five miles in length, upwards of seventy broad, and nearly three hundred in circumference.

'The inhabitants are undoubtedly of the same race with those of the islands south of the equator; but in their persons, language, customs, and manners, approach nearer to the New Zealander, than to their less distant neighbours either of the Friendly, Society, or Marquesas Islands. They are in general above the middle size and well made; though upon the whole inferior in strength and activity to the Friendly Islanders.

'The women are by no means so handsome as the men. They are rather short than tall; have good eyes and teeth, remarkably small and delicate feet and hands, and a sweetness and sensibility of look that render them very engaging. Their hands and arms are very neatly tattooed, and they are said to have the same operation performed on the tip of the tongue.

'Children at their birth are quite black; and the most delicate females, who expose themselves least to the sun and air, display the same colour: while those who are obliged to be a good deal abroad have nearly an orange hue.

'The principal part of the dress of the women is a simple garment called *pow*. It consists of a piece of cloth about one yard wide and three long, wrapped several times round the waist, with the end tucked in below, and reaching to the calf of the leg: in cold weather another piece of cloth, like a plaid, is thrown over the shoulders. Round the neck they frequently wear wreaths of the leaves of a fragrant plant, called *miri*, some-

what resembling those of the vine; also tresses of human hair to which is suspended before a piece of bone highly polished, the lower part forming a curve: these ornaments, called *palana*, are commonly made of whales' teeth, which the Americans sell at a high price to the natives. The hair necklace is plaited in small cords, which are so numerous as completely to fill the hole through which they are passed, though in general large enough to admit a man's thumb. The women comb back the hair in front, where they plaster it with a kind of lime made of burnt shells, which bleaches that round the forehead nearly white, so as to produce a strong contrast with the dark colour of the skin, as may be seen in the annexed engraving. The Russians saw many females whose hair was stained a rose colour, but could not learn how it was communicated.

'Their heads are adorned with wreaths of flowers, picked from the stalk and strung on the stem of a small creeping plant. They prefer purple, yellow, and white, and arrange them alternately three or four inches of one colour. This wreath, twined several times round the head, has a very elegant appearance. The women, upon the whole, take great pains in adorning their persons, for which purpose each of them is provided with a small mirror: and all ranks pay the utmost attention to personal cleanliness.

'The houses are of the simplest form: they are oblong, with very low side walls, and high thatched roofs. They are not divided into apartments, nor do they contain any tables or seats. It is only by their size that the habitations of the chiefs are distinguished from those of the lower classes; for the same barn-like shape is universal. They are, however, kept extremely clean, and their household utensils, consisting of wooden dishes and calabashes, are hung, neatly arranged, upon the walls. While the floors of the meaner houses are bare, excepting the place for sleeping, where a few mats are spread, those of the higher classes are entirely covered with mats, many of which are worked with great elegance into different patterns. A platform at one end, raised about a yard from the ground, and extending the whole breadth of the apartment, is spread with a layer of rushes and covered with mats. This forms the sleeping-place for the family itself; but the attendants lie at the opposite end.

'The two sexes never eat together: the chiefs, therefore, have always a separate eating house, and even the lower class have one to every six or seven families for the men: the women taking their food in the same houses in which they sleep.'

'The women are subject to many restrictions. They are not allowed to attend the *morai*, or temple, on taboo days, nor at such times to go out in a canoe. They are never permitted to eat with the men unless when at sea, and then not out of the same dish. Delicacies, such as pork, turtle, shark, cocoa-nuts, bananas, or plantains are also

forbidden. Dog's flesh and fish used to be the only kinds of food which they might lawfully eat; but since the introduction into the islands of sheep and goats, which are not tabooed, the females have less reason to complain of their diet. Notwithstanding the rigour of these prohibitions, the women very seldom scruple to infringe them, when it can be done in secret. They frequently swim off to ships at night during the taboo, and indulge their appetites with the forbidden delicacies. Campbell relates that he once saw the queen transgressing in this particular, and that he was strictly enjoined to secrecy, as she declared that it was as much as her life was worth, should the circumstance become known. The extreme severity exercised in these respects is confirmed by the statement of Kotzebue, who, while lying in the harbour of Hanaroorra, saw the body of a young female which was found floating upon the water, and learned that this poor creature, having in a state of intoxication entered the men's eating-house, was instantly strangled, and her corpse thrown into the sea.'

The men of the lower class are sensible enough to content themselves with one wife each, but others indulge in polygamy, and a chief has been known to have fifteen. Royal chastity is particularly guarded, and any infringement on it is high treason, though capital punishments are rare. The people are very superstitious; and their *morai*, or place of worship, is ornamented with several ugly wooden idols:—

'Arago, who accompanied Captain Freycinet, describes another *morai*, about a mile from the town of Kayerooa, which is an inclosure of about a hundred square yards, surrounded by a wooden railing four feet high. The wooden idol at the entrance is very carefully carved and larger than the others. The head is of enormous size, forming nearly a third of the whole figure, which, including a post about two feet high, measures ten or twelve feet. Offerings are put into the mouth. The other idols are placed on the sides of the inclosure, very close to each other; five on the left, the last of which has its head covered with a sort of long pointed hood, painted red; and six on the right, the largest of which is extended on the ground, and its neighbour half overthrown.

'The religious ceremonies take place about four times a month, and last from sun-set till sun-rise on the second succeeding morning: during this interval, which is spent in prayer, in sacrificing pigs, and feasting upon the sacrifices and in conversation, no person is allowed to pass the bounds of the *morai*. The most profound silence is preserved while the priest is engaged in prayer; indeed, the least noise within or near the *morai* at such times is considered as offensive to the deity; for which reason, whenever the king enters it, proclamation is made by the public crier, ordering all animals near it to be confined, otherwise they will be seized and offered in sacrifice. These ceremonies are attended chiefly by persons



of the superior class, and women are never permitted to be present at them.

'During the period of the year called *macaheite*, which falls in our November, and lasts a whole month, the priests are engaged in collecting the taxes, which are paid by the chiefs in proportion to the extent of their domains, and consist of mats, feathers, and other native produce. The people celebrate this festival by dancing, wrestling, and other amusements. The king remains the whole time in the morai. Before he enters it, a singular ceremony takes place. He is obliged to stand till three spears are darted at him. The first he must catch in his hand, and with it ward off the two others. This is not a mere formality; for the spear is thrown with the utmost force, and should the king lose his life there is no help for it. The late king was so dexterous in the use of the spear, that he ran little risk in thus exposing himself. Vancouver informs us, that in a sham fight, he saw him ward off six spears hurled at him almost at same instant. Three he caught as they were flying with one hand; two he broke by parrying them with his spear; and the sixth, owing to a slight inclination of the body, passed harmless.

Dancing, flying kites, and a game somewhat resembling draughts, are among their amusements:—

'Campbell gives us a curious account of an attempt made during his residence on these islands, to introduce theatrical amusements among their inhabitants. A theatre, says he, was erected under the direction of James Beattie, the king's block-maker, who had once been on the stage in England. The scenes, representing a castle and a forest, were constructed of different coloured pieces of *tapa*, cut out and pasted together. I was present on one occasion at the performance of *Oscar* and *Malvina*. This piece was originally a pantomime, but here it had words written for it by Beattie. The part of *Malvina* was performed by the (native) wife of Isaac Davis, a Welshman, who had resided twenty years in the Sandwich Islands. As her knowledge of the English language was very limited, extending no farther than to the words yes and no, her speeches were confined to those monosyllables. She acted her part, nevertheless, with great applause. The Fingalian heroes were represented by natives clothed in the Highland garb, also made of *tapa*, and armed with muskets. The audience did not seem to understand the play well, but were greatly delighted with the after-piece, representing a naval engagement. The ships were armed with bamboo cannon, and each of them fired a broadside by means of a train of thread dipped in saltpetre, which communicated with each gun, after which one of the vessels blew up. Unfortunately the explosion set fire to the forest, and had nearly consumed the theatre.'

Kotzebue has given a whimsical account

of King Tammeamea (father to Rio Rio now in London), and his court:—

'He was received by him in a hut built after the fashion of the country, consisting of one apartment, though he had habitations of stone in the European style. His dress consisted of a white shirt, blue pantaloons, a red waistcoat, and a coloured neckcloth. On great occasions, however, he dressed very splendidly, having several laced uniforms, but the national dress of his subjects was worn in ordinary both by himself and his chiefs. The Russians were accommodated with European chairs, but the distinguished natives who were present at this interview were seated on the ground. Their costume appeared still more extraordinary than the king's, consisting of a black frock coat and a small white hat. These black frocks looked very odd on the naked body, and besides this they seldom fit, being brought from America, where the people in general are neither so tall nor so corpulent as the chiefs of the Sandwich Islands. One of these attendants had the waist half way up his back: the coat could not have been buttoned without the greatest difficulty, he perspired copiously, and was evidently miserable in his confinement, but fashion forbade him to release himself from its trammels. The sentinels at the door were stark naked: each had a cartouch-box and a pair of pistols fastened about his body, and a gun in his hand.

'The captain next visited Tammeamea's favourite wife, Kahumanna, with whom he found the two other wives of the king. The house in which he resides is very neatly built and very clean within: the floor, on which the three ladies were seated in the Asiatic manner, was covered with mats, and their persons were enveloped in the finest stuffs of the country. The chief employment of the royal dames consists in smoking tobacco, combing their hair, driving away the flies with a fan, and eating. Their pipes have no tubes attached to them; but the heads, which are constantly hanging by their sides, are of the size of the largest German pipes; they are made of a dark coloured wood and mounted with copper. Kahumanna took with great zest a few whiffs from the pipe, swallowed a part of the smoke, and expelled the remainder through the nostrils: she then offered it to Captain Kotzebue, who declined the honour, on which she handed it to her neighbour, who soon resigned it to the third. As soon as the pipe was emptied in this manner, it was filled afresh and passed round as before. All three queens were very large corpulent women, upwards of fifty, and seemed never to have possessed any claims to beauty. Their dress was distinguished by several silk handkerchiefs from that of the other females.

'The king's daughter, a tolerably handsome girl, was seated on a mat before the door; behind her stood a little black page, who held a silk parasol over her head to screen her from the sun, while two other

boys drove away the flies with bunches of red feathers: the whole forming a pleasing group.'

Tammeamea died in the Island of Owhyee, in March, 1819. He had previously appointed his son, Rio Rio, his successor, and left about half a million of dollars, with goods and armed merchant vessels to a like amount:—

'At the death of the king and distinguished chiefs human victims are killed; but these are always of the lowest class. In certain families of this class the fate of dying with different members of certain distinguished families is said to be hereditary. The victims know their destination, and their lot seems to have no terrors for them. The progressive spirit of the times has, however, almost rendered this custom obsolete. At the death of queen Kahumanna's mother, when three persons offered themselves to fulfil their destination, Kareimokoo, who may be styled the viceroy of Woahoo, and who is familiarly named by the English Billy Pitt, on account of his influence with the late king, would not permit the sacrifice. They still sacrifice culprits to the gods, as we sacrifice them in Europe to justice. The custom of eating human flesh had ceased long before the time of Captain Cook.

'Campbell informs us that the respect paid to the king's person, his house, and even his food, formed a remarkable contrast to the simplicity of his mode of living. Whenever he passed, his subjects were obliged to uncover their heads and shoulders. The same ceremony took place on their entering or even passing his residence; and every house which he entered was ever afterwards honoured with the same marks of respect. When his food was carrying from the cooking-house, every person within hearing of the call *Noho*, "Sit down!" given by the bearers, was obliged to uncover himself and squat down on his hams. This ceremony was particularly inconvenient when the water used in the king's house was carried past: there being none of a good quality near Hanarooroo, it was necessary to bring it from the mountains, a distance of five miles. Those who carried it in calabashes were obliged to call out *Noho!* when any person appeared in sight. In order, however, not to detain his majesty's subjects in so unpleasant an attitude, they ran past as quickly as they could. White people were not required to pay these honours, though they were scrupulously exacted from the natives.'

Of the present state of the Sandwich Islands, Mr. Shoberl gives the following account, on the authority of an American captain of the name of Gardner, who visited them in 1822:—

'The Sandwich Islands begin to have a considerable traffic, and the natives are making rapid strides in civilization. For several years past they have been visited by so many English and Americans that they are gradually adopting their manners and relinquishing their own. The bow and

the spear  
harsh wa  
ceased  
screams  
slaughter  
of the  
the sabb  
tianity h  
these ch  
sionaries  
among th  
where m  
tion in  
which, to  
tations at  
alt and re  
simple pe  
'The r  
built and  
fashion, n  
burden,  
schooners  
conveyanc  
from one i  
are manne  
lent sailo  
was at Wo  
ned entire  
by a whit  
to Kamtsc  
of salt wh  
vernors of  
smoked s  
and other  
mitted by  
large trac  
Sandwich  
Thus it v  
ing the sn  
that the S  
that they a  
zation, in t  
ing great p  
A Biograp  
Life and  
of Brist  
12mo. p  
1824.  
Mr. BUND  
by Mr. Wo  
is not, ho  
have to do  
nevertheles  
quote from  
a very opp  
Hayes, co  
fan who w  
terror of B  
of Van Die  
to have no  
Botany Ba  
tions, for  
lashes, infl  
'A very  
greatest fi  
Haynes wa  
reproach h  
that he cau  
his back, a  
This being  
the course  
beaten his



the spear are no longer to be seen; the harsh war sound of the Triton's horn has ceased to be heard, as have also the screams of the victim destined to the slaughter. Idolatry is at an end: the bells of the churches alone break the silence of the sabbath, and the mild beams of Christianity have already begun to operate on these children of nature. Several missionaries from the United States reside among them: they have founded a school, where many of the youth receive instruction in reading, writing, drawing, &c. which, together with the religious exhortations at church, contribute daily to exalt and refine the moral character of these simple people.

The natives already possess ten ships built and equipped in the European fashion, none of which is under 120 tons burden, besides a great number of schooners and sloops employed in the conveyance of sandal-wood and provisions from one island to another. Most of them are manned by natives, who make excellent sailors. While Captain Gardener was at Woahoo, one of their vessels, manned entirely by natives, but commanded by a white man, returned from a voyage to Kamschatka. In exchange for a cargo of salt which she had carried to the governor of that peninsula, she brought back smoked salmon, cables, linen, hardware, and other articles. The governor transmitted by this ship a written grant of a large tract of land to the king of the Sandwich Islands.

Thus it will be seen that, notwithstanding the sneers of some of the newspapers that the Sandwich Islands are savages, yet that they are savages fully capable of civilization, in the arts of which they are making great progress.

*A Biographical Sketch of the Remarkable Life and Character of Mr. James Bundy, of Bristol.* By THOMAS WOOD, A. M. 12mo. pp. 117. Third Edition. London, 1824.

MR. BUNDY was a preacher, and, it appears by Mr. Wood's narrative, a zealous one; it is not, however, with Mr. Bundy that we have to do in noticing this work, which is nevertheless interesting, but we wish to quote from it an account of a character of a very opposite description, one Richard Haynes, commonly called Dick Boy, a ruffian who was transported and became the terror of Botany Bay, as Michael Howe was of Van Dieman's Land. Punishment seemed to have no effect on Haynes, and while at Botany Bay he committed some depredations, for which he received one hundred lashes, inflicted with considerable severity:

'A very stout man, who passed for the greatest fighter in the country, thinking Haynes was completely subdued, began to reproach him; at which he was so enraged, that he caused all the plasters to be torn off his back, and challenged him to combat. This being accepted, he returned victor in the course of a few minutes, having terribly beaten his opponent; thereby showing the

ferocity of his nature, which neither his painful situation, nor the dread of additional punishment, could overcome.

'He then prevailed on Lord C—l—d to intercede with the lawful authorities for him to leave New South Wales, and to accompany his lordship to the East Indies: which was granted. As they proceeded, his lordship appeared to have great confidence in Haynes, often trusting him with large sums of money, and leaving the place unlocked where it was: but whether Haynes considered this as a bait or otherwise, he took care never to diminish the sum without giving a proper account. His punctuality pleasing his lordship, he desired him not to make any more accounts. In the East Indies, meeting with a person who had offended him, he gave him two or three desperate blows, and left him in a hopeless condition: but, thinking he had not done right, he returned, gave the poor man what assistance he could, and left some money for him and his family; thereby showing that he was not totally divested of the feelings of humanity.

'Lord C—l—d then despatched Haynes with letters to England. He was landed on the coast of France, and, after travelling some time, was taken up for a spy of the English government, but found means to secrete his letters. He was conducted to the guillotine, and seated on it for execution; but the person who acted as his interpreter, on being promised a sum of money, represented him as an American, by which means his life was spared, and he was sent on board an American ship, with strict orders not to be seen on shore, which he punctually observed. He sailed for America, where he remained some time; then returned to England, and delivered the letters to the persons for whom they were intended, who rewarded him very handsomely.

'Soon after his arrival, he married in London, and commenced hawker and pedlar, travelling about the country to wakes and fairs. About this time, he went to Liverpool, and purchased a large quantity of muslin, &c. promising payment; but, after obtaining possession of the goods, without fulfilling his promise, he set off towards Manchester, being pursued by civil officers and soldiers. A party of dragoons, who changed horses at every stage, could not overtake him. Coming to some hills near Manchester, while he was hotly pursued, he alighted, and led his horse up one of them. His pursuers being come within half a pistol-shot of him, he instantly mounted, clapped spurs to his horse, and set off again; they fired at him, but he soon left them far behind. Coming to two cross-roads, one leading to Manchester, and the other to Congleton, he took the latter, and so evaded his pursuers. But, before he reached Congleton, his horse dropped under him: leaving it, he proceeded on foot to Norwich, and thence to London.

'In the course of his travels he became acquainted with some of the most noted boxers, such as Perrins, Johnstone, Mendoza, and others. After frequenting their

company awhile, he commenced pugilist, and by means of sparring and boxing obtained the means of subsistence. He also married several females, plundered them of their property, and then decamped. He often said, he had sixteen wives in different parts of the country.

'Once, when returning from Ireland, he met with a gentleman on board who had considerable property with him. He got as much as possible into his company, found out where his treasure was, and whither he was going. On their landing at Bristol, he kept his eye on him, and put up at the same house as he did. The next day, at Bath, the gentleman going out in the evening, he followed him; but, stepping back to the chamber-maid, said to her, "Do not let any one but myself have my master's bags; I shall return back for them immediately." She promised him she would not. He followed the gentleman, and, after watching him to some distance, returned to the inn, got the bags of the chamber-maid, she not knowing but the gentleman had sent him for them, and went away with the property.

'He was once in custody, and nine soldiers were conducting him handcuffed. They called at a public-house on the road to get refreshment. He got near the fire, and, unperceived, with the poker got the handcuffs off: he then rushed out of the house, and, by the time the soldiers could take up their muskets, had got thirty or forty yards from them. He leaped over hedges and ditches, crossed the fields, they firing at him, and the balls passing near him; but he made his escape, travelling by night, and resting during the day. As night approached, he would enter a town, go to the largest inn, call for wine, order supper and a bed, and ask if he could have a carriage in the morning. After supper, he would say to the waiter, "I am going out into the town, and shall return in about half an hour: be sure to order the carriage at such a time in the morning." Then he would walk off with (to use his own expression) a hide full, free of expense.

'After acting in this most daring and unprincipled manner in different parts of the country, he was convicted at the Manchester sessions, held in January, 1797, for stealing, and ordered for seven years' transportation. From Lancaster Castle he was removed to Langston-Harbour, near Portsmouth, and put on board Le Fortienne hulk. On his leaving London, he stole a knife at some inn on the road, with which he managed to saw off his irons; but was discovered before he had an opportunity to make his escape. However, he effected his escape from the hulk on the Whitsuntide following.

'In July, 1799, he was taken up, for firing at the officers who attempted to seize him on suspicion of having stolen a silver tankard, and lodged in Newgate, Bristol. His behaviour in the prison, for two or three months, was extremely turbulent and unruly, as well to the keeper, who endeavoured by gentle means to tame him, as to the prisoners who were near him. Notwith-



standing his heavy irons, his determined manner caused them to dread him, especially those who thought they had in any way displeased him: they were always on their guard, fearing lest he should do some alarming mischief in the prison. On some occasions, the military were called in to their assistance; to whose bayonets he exposed his naked breast, daring them to run him through the body. He would rather have been shot dead, than have surrendered himself to them. But what could not be effected by harsh means, was accomplished by mild treatment, being of a disposition not to be subdued by rigorous measures; for he actually delivered a weapon into the hands of a gentleman who reasoned with him, when the appearance of a file of armed soldiers, with an officer at their head, could not take it from him.

One day, by some means, he had got off his irons, and seizing a large carving-knife, bade defiance to all who dared to approach him. A file of soldiers with fixed bayonets endeavoured to intimidate him; but he resolutely refused to surrender himself to them. Mr. Bundy undertook to appease him; the door of the prison was opened, and he entered. Haynes came up to him very disdainfully, saying, "I suppose you come to find out secrets."

Mr. B. assured him to the contrary, told him he came to him 'in the name of the Lord,' when 'he fell down like a great calf upon the ground before that mighty word which breaks the rock in pieces.'

When in prison he was so violent that the gaoler was compelled to put very heavy irons on him, and when, at the request of Mr. Bundy, he was allowed to have one arm and foot at liberty, the first use he made of it was to seize a clasp-knife (incautiously left within his reach), and threaten to murder Mr. B., who had agreed to pass the night with him in his cell. The firmness of Mr. B., however, awed him from his horrid purpose, and he burst into tears. Haynes was executed, but Mr. Bundy thinks not before religion had prepared him for so dreadful an event. On this point we shall offer no opinion, further than that we do not think any thing can be more injurious than the assurance given to dying criminals of the ease with which they may make atonement to the Deity, for a life of crime. If we are to believe the records of Newgate, almost every person that has been executed in front of it, with few exceptions, have died penitent.

*An Encyclopædia of Gardening, comprising the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, Floriculture, Arboriculture, and Landscape Gardening, including all the latest improvements, a general History of Gardening in all Countries, and a statistical View of its present State, with Suggestions for its future Progress in the British Isles.* By J. C. Loudon, Esq. F.L.S. H.S. &c. embellished with upwards of 800 engravings on wood. 8vo. pp. 1233. Second Edition. London, 1824.

We are not certain whether the very best cu-

logium that can be given of this important work, be not simply to say, that the execution corresponds with the title.—a merit which few works of the present day can be said to possess. Mr. Loudon promises no more than he has performed, and that with a rare ability, and the purchase of his work will supersede the necessity of swelling a library with treatises written *ex professo* on the various branches of the art,—we had almost said, the science—of gardening: and the undertaking does great honour to the learning, industry, and application of the author, and the liberality of the publishers, who on this occasion have spared no expense in paper, print, and engraving, to render the work as elegant as it is useful.

It is impossible, in a journal like ours, to attempt a critical analysis of a work which presents such multifarious ramifications; but from the cursory view which we have been able to take of it, the author seems to have bestowed an unwearied attention on every branch of his subject. The history of gardening, from a remote period of antiquity to the present time, is curious and highly interesting, and his account of the progress of gardening in the various countries of Europe will be read with pleasure. We will select that of France for a few observations, and if we do not always agree with the author, it is not with Mr. Loudon, but with the authorities he quotes, that we have to find fault. He divides gardening in France into three epochs, that of Charlemagne, Louis XIV. and the Revolution.

With respect to the gardens of the monarch who in an evil hour laid the foundation of the imperial power of the Popes, with all due deference to Mr. Loudon, we do not think that the palace of Ingleheim with its hundred columns of Italian marble is conclusive evidence of a garden being attached to it. We may remark by the way, that colonnades in Greece were invented not so much for the purpose of ornament as to offer a shady promenade like the groves in western Europe. The Romans, their imitators, introduced the same style of building, but more frequently for ornament than with a view to their primitive design, and the system degenerating as it passes down the stream of time, the original idea was entirely lost sight of, and the five orders of architecture have become degraded to objects of simple ornament. It is thus that the verandah, which was invented in southern Europe, to protect apartments from the heat of the sun, is with much taste and sagacity employed in the environs of London, to protect the northern aspect of the houses from a similar inconvenience!!

'The garden of the Thuilleries,' says Evelyn, "is rarely contrived for privacy, shade, or company, by groves, plantations of tall trees, especially that in the middle, being of elms, and another of mulberries. There is a labyrinth of cypress, noble hedges of pomegranates, fountains, fish-ponds, and an aviary. There is an artificial echo, redoubling the words distinctly, and it is never without some fair nymph singing to it. Standing at one of the focuses, which is under a tree, or little ca-

binet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from the clouds; at another, as if it were under ground. This being at the bottom of the garden, we were let into another, which, being kept with all imaginable accurateness as to the orangery, precious shrubs, and rare fruits, seemed a Paradise."

We suppose Le Notre must have destroyed all that had been so rarely contrived, for not a vestige of it now remains. The taste of which Le Notre was the author or propagator, is aptly characterised by Pope:—

"Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other."

Instead of the endless parallelograms of the Dutch, Le Notre made a long straight walk in the middle, intersected by circular fish-ponds, from the circumferences of which divergent walks were made, generally terminating in other circular ponds; the intervening portions of ground ever filled with shrubs and flowers; but as neither Ray, Tournefort, Linnæus, nor Jussieu had then appeared, science had no share in the arrangement of the parterre: symmetry to please the eye, and successive plants to keep them always gay, were the sole rules known to this once so celebrated gardener, who, however, it must be confessed, made some progress in picturesque gardening; for the divergent walks afforded the means of placing statues in the gardens with considerable effect, instead of the more failing *terminus* which hailed our arrival at the end of a Dutch alley.

'The gardens of Versailles,' the grand effort of Le Notre, have been so frequently described, and are so generally known, that we shall only quote one or two opinions concerning them. Hirschfield considers them not as models of taste, but as models of a particular class or character of gardens. Gray the poet was struck with their splendour when filled with company, and when the water-works were in full action. Lord Kaimies says they would tempt one to believe that nature was below the notice of a great monarch, and therefore monsters must be created for him as being more astonishing productions. Bradley says, "Versailles is the sum of every thing that has been done in gardening." Agricola, a German author, declares (*Phil. Treat. on Agr. Trans. by Bradley*), that the sight of Versailles gave him a foretaste of Paradise. Our opinion coincides with Gray's: "Such symmetry," as Lord Byron observes, "is not for solitude." During the Revolution, it was proposed that the palace and gardens should be sold as national property; but M. Le Roy, the architect, greatly to his honour, stepped forward and represented that the palace might be usefully employed for public purposes, and the garden rendered productive of food for the people. "This satisfied the citizens: a military school was established in the palace; and, by planting some of the parterres with apple-trees and others with potatoes, the garden was saved." Niell was informed that, by calculation, the water-works of Versailles, which are not played off oftener than eight or ten times a year, cost 200*l.* per hour. There is an

orange-  
feet hig

The  
many r  
not refr  
is acco

'Er

but no  
been la  
style, a  
what di  
English  
an islan  
Among  
Rousse  
of Pop  
Mahier  
ing the  
land; a  
cade.

gree av  
every o  
clusion  
lity. T  
ciple, o  
scape-g  
Girardi  
the pict  
actly it  
Girardi  
viously  
paid pa  
before p  
tage of  
stone, C  
first of  
He prof  
neither  
Chinese  
grounds  
ridings,  
scapes  
ed the  
Kent of  
Théorie  
his gues  
posed th  
gellan,  
rope for  
last day  
ville, an  
lars the  
band of  
bulated  
times in  
the wat  
ticular s  
of visit  
night th  
formed  
pany.

ters wer  
en ama  
young n  
ple et l  
avec les  
The  
of Rou  
his pet  
society  
mals, th  
the mos  
cultivat



orange-tree here "semé in 1421," and thirty feet high. (*Hort. Tour*, 409. et seq.)

The grounds of Ermenonville bring so many recollections to the mind, that we cannot refrain quoting their description, which is accompanied by an engraved plan:—

Ermenonville, still in the Girardin family, but now rather neglected, appears to have been laid out in a chaste and picturesque style, and in this respect to have been somewhat different and superior to contemporary English places. The chateau was placed on an island in the lake, near the village. Among other objects in the grounds were Rousseau's cottage; his tomb in the island of Poplars; that of the landscape painter Mahier, who had assisted Girardin in designing the improvements in an adjoining island; a garden in ruins, and the grand cascade. Useless buildings were in a great degree avoided, and the picturesque effect of every object carefully considered, not in exclusion of, but in connection with their utility. There is hardly an exceptionable principle, or even direction referring to landscape-gardening laid down in the course of Girardin's Essay; and in all that relates to the picturesque, it is remarkable how exactly it corresponds with the ideas of Price. Girardin, high in military rank, had previously visited every part of Europe, and paid particular attention to England, and before publishing his work, he had the advantage of consulting those of Wheatly, Shenstone, G. Mason, and Chambers, from the first of which he has occasionally borrowed. He professes, however, that his object is neither to create English gardens, nor Chinese gardens, and less to divide his grounds into pleasure grounds, parks, or ridings, than to produce interesting landscapes "*paysages intéressans*," &c. He received the professional aid of J. M. Morel, the Kent of France, who afterwards published *Théorie des Jardins*, and probably that of his guest Rousseau, who seems to have composed the advertisement to his book. Magellan, in the *Gazette Littéraire de l'Europe* for 1778, in giving some account of the last days of Rousseau, who died at Ermenonville, and was buried in the island of Poplars there, informs us, that Girardin kept a band of musicians, who constantly perambulated the grounds making concerts sometimes in the woods, and at other times on the waters, and in scenes calculated for particular seasons, so as to draw the attention of visitors to them at the proper time. At night they returned to the house, and performed in a room adjoining the hall of company. Madame Girardin and her daughters were clothed in common brown stuff, *en amazones*, with black hats, while the young men wore "*habillemens le plus simple et le plus propres à les faire confondre avec les enfans du campagnards*," &c.

The Marquis de Girardin was the friend of Rousseau, and gave him an asylum when his petulant habits had estranged from him society in general, for of all unsocial animals, the author of the *Social Contract* was the most so. Here Rousseau studied and cultivated a taste for botany, plants being

the only acquaintance he could not quarrel with. M. de Girardin was insensible to his errors, and beheld only his virtues. He confided the education of his son Stanislaus to the philosopher, who brought him up according to his own system, so that the count, the present possessor of Ermenonville and member of the Chamber of Deputies, is frequently called Rousseau's *Emilius*, a title which has not conferred on him any qualifications not to be found in others. It was the mania to bring up children *à la Rousseau*: they ran about barefoot and bareheaded like paupers, and sought the society of boys as ragged as themselves, until it was found that ignorance and vulgarity, however much they restored man to the happy state of nature, neither mended his morals nor his manners, and the theory of the wild visionary was abandoned.

The taste for landscape gardening certainly gains ground in France, and the best English gardens are selected as models in the distribution, while the taste of Latin Europe for statuary, temples, &c. enables them frequently to surpass us in decoration.

Mr. Loudon mentions the garden of Kleber, who, says he, was killed in Egypt by a *mameluke*. Kleber was murdered by a Turk, sent expressly for that purpose by the Ottoman Porte; his father and mother were perishing in a dungeon at Constantinople, and his ardent mind was worked on persuading him that, not only he would be doing a thing agreeable to the prophet, but that his parents should be set at liberty and possess great wealth if he succeeded. His success was complete, but being taken he was impaled, which he bore with superhuman fortitude for forty-eight hours. The Porte kept its promise towards the parents, and the father became a considerable merchant of Adrianople.

The gardens of Malmaison, the seat of her who, made use of imperial dignity only to prove how much the sum of happiness may be increased by power, and who never caused tears to flow save those of joy and gratitude, was a perfect model of an English garden: the conservatory was filled with the choicest exotics, the saloon furnished with a library of books in natural history, and while Napoleon held his councils in the library of the mansion, Josephine was employed in a more pleasing one formed by her friends, seated round the alcove of the saloon, and listening to the elegant botanical lessons of professor Michel.

The Prussians, on approaching Paris, wantonly committed all sorts of depredations on the residence of the first consort of Napoleon; but their ravages were repaired, and it is even now kept up in a respectable state. A friend, who visited it last summer, says, the house, library, writing-table, inkstand, and arm-chair of Napoleon were as he left them. The gardens were in tolerable order; the hot-houses and green-houses carefully attended to. On the canal crossed by fanciful bridges were once two black swans: one of them died; (the female), to console the survivor, the most beautiful white swan that could be found was put in the canal, but,

strange to tell, the monarch of the sable plumes spurned his new mate as a *mesalliance*; and though they have now inhabited the same piece of water for years, he still preserves his sullen dignity, and never suffers the white swan to approach him, giving thus a grand lesson to man that it is possible to live in a perverted state of society without suffering our principles to be contaminated.

*Vignettes in Derbyshire.* By the Author of *The Life of a Boy*. 8vo. pp. 135. London, 1824.

If our readers expect that this volume contains a series of engravings with descriptive letter-press, they will be disappointed. The pencil and the burin have had no share in the *Vignettes in Derbyshire*, and yet they are pictorial enough; and consist of a dozen sketches descriptive of the romantic scenery of Derbyshire and its inhabitants, including characteristic portraits of the Duchess of Devonshire, the Countess of Besborough, and Miss Seward. Though unacquainted with the local scenery, the author so vividly describes, there is so much nature and pathos displayed in this work that he must have a cold heart indeed that does not glow while he reads these vignettes; two of which we select:—

#### ASHFORD-IN-THE-WATER.

During a short autumnal visit, in 1822, amidst the sweetest and most sylvan part of the Peak of Derbyshire, the little village of Ashford-in-the-Water was not the least attractive. Possessing those requisites that adorn and accommodate a village residence—requisites that, whilst they contribute to the conveniences of its inhabitants, are pleasing to the eye of the traveller and gratifying to the heart of humanity—a corn-mill, with its appendages of water-wheels and water-falls; an ancient church, with its grass-grown burial-ground; a long extended bridge, neat cottages, and a village green, with wood and water interspersed, as its significant name denotes. Though placed at the extremity of one of the wildest of the dales, Demon's Dale, and in the vicinity of those mountain fractures, through which the Wye forces its rocky channel, it is cheerful, open, and airy, presenting, amidst and aloof from its village houses, two or three of a superior order, the association of whose inhabitants must be of a higher nature.

But the gem of Ashford is yet untold. Passing the village on the Manchester road, we enter a gently marked hollow way, bounded on the right by a steep orchard-slope, and on the left by a high wall overhung with lofty trees, that screen the roof and chimneys of a house apparently the residence of some of the gentry of the country, to which the close folding-gates that open from the road present an access. If, by favour or presumption, you pass their barrier, and proceed a hundred paces down a confined carriage-way, you will arrive in line with the front of the house, and peep within the casket where lies the emerald treasure.



'The house, "above a cot, below a seat," is not alone the property of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, but the occasional residence. It stands under the shadow of those lofty trees that exclude all objects but those they surround. The capacious bow-window of an oblong dining-room expands upon the gravel walk adjoining the soft green turf that almost imperceptibly slopes to the water's edge; not an artificial lake or forced fish-pool, but the sounding sparkling Wye, that, with all the freshness of a mountain stream, with all the windings of its characteristic course, with all the beauty of its living waters, rushes through the sylvan domain,

'Fronting the windows, a light bridge unites the two savannas; the opposite turf rising gradually to its extremity, is also bounded by its grove of trees, that skirts the extended bank. The lawn on each side the river is broken only by little patches of the choicest flowers, and the mould from whence they spring is covered with mignonne, whose rich perfume fills the sweet air with its fragrance, rising an incense to hallow this temple of the floral, of the sylvan, of the lucid deities. The house is covered, from the base to the chimney's topmost ledge, with trellis; and when the climbers begin to ascend, and the creepers to run, the passion-flower to sanctify, and the clematis to empurple, it will indeed become a perfect bower of beauty: and it is a sweet reflection that he who, a prince in the palace of his forefathers, upon the banks of the Derwent, who is in possession of all that rank and station can bestow, that wealth can give, and ambition desire, selects and adopts this rustic *bijou*, this *verd-unique*, this little fishing-house, on the banks of the winding Wye; which, after having run its race with mountain swiftness, through the sylvan hamlet of King's Sterndale, by the wild solitudes of Chee Torr, the rocky passes of Miller's Dale, the deep clefts of Cresbrook, and the fairy scenes of Monsal, wantons and sports beneath the eye of the Lord of Hartington, from whence its native waters spring, before it take its final way to the shining east, and mixes with the classic waves of Derwent.

'There, perhaps, may the Duke of Devonshire look around, and say, with complacent feelings subdued from the world, with the hereditary feelings of she who bore him, and whose memory he sanctifies: "Here is enough for the heart of man; the rest is my country's and my forefathers'!" Perhaps, like the great statesman of Elizabeth, may, after he has passed the humble gates, take off his courtly robes, and say, "There lie, my Lord Chancellor!" and in sport, even as I did in thought, amplify comparison upon the sweet enchantment.

'To Chatsworth, gorgeous Chatsworth, it is but a light trinket hung to a costly watch; or a single blossom of the jasmine by the side of the imperial rose; or a solitary star, sailing in the wake of the resplendent moon; or the scent of the violet, that rises upon the air, which the perfumes of Arabia have exhausted; or the song of the robin,

after the full choirs of the groves had died away; or the emerald light of the glow-worm shining upon the darkness that succeeded the blazing torches; or the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains, when the echoes of the brazen trumpets had ceased; or the still small voice of grateful praise, when the pealing anthem and the loud response no longer filled the cathedral's lofty arches:—it was all this, and more; it was nature's lullaby from the tumult of the world; the eye revelling in its beauty, and the mind reposing in its quietness, whilst its balmy sweetness pervaded the purest joy of sense, and all its green attractions, and its lucid animations, took captive the heart of woman, who saw in its combined delights the reflection of her primeval home.'

COUNTESS OF BESBOROUGH.

'The dead are like the stars by day;  
Withdrawn from mortal eye,  
But not extinct, they hold their way  
In glory through the sky.

'The remains of Henrietta Francis, Countess of Besborough, second daughter of John Earl Spencer, and at the same time her infant grandchild, the cherub companion of her life and death, were interred in All-Saint's Church, Derby, the mausoleum of that noble family with whom she was so intimately connected by the ties of consanguinity, of marriage, and of affection.

'Amidst the various excellencies that distinguished the character of Lady Besborough, her susceptibility of all the sweet charities and relative endearments of domestic life were most pre-eminent. Highly gifted by native talent, and rich in intellectual acquirements, the tender affection of her nature was her most peculiar charm, endearing her to all upon whom connexion or circumstance conferred the happiness of her association. Heroic in spirit, she disregarded peril and personal hazard, when the tender apprehensions of a mother led her to the contemplation of death in its most frightful form—to the seat of war, and the field of battle: there her fond affection was richly repaid by receiving him living, who, amongst so many of his gallant compatriots, had been numbered with the glorious dead, on the plains of Waterloo.

'According to the wish of Lady Besborough, her mortal remains were laid with those of the late Duchess of Devonshire. The spirit of sisterly, of sympathetic affection, that had fondly united these distinguished women in life, ceased only in death. "Rival sisters," though often applied to them, was not just in its general acceptance. Beautiful in person, captivating in manners, and amiable in disposition, they were too tenderly endeared, too faithfully attached, to be rivals, but as became the daughters of the same noble house, and emulous of its hereditary distinctions; and most delightful it was to witness the sweet association of their sister-graces, which was like the lustre of a beautiful silk, whose interwoven fabric is formed of the richest colours, and as the varying hues are presented to the eye, each receiving tints more

brilliant from their combination. Which ever most predominated was the most attractive, as their union was the most complete. When this beautifully blended web of life was rent, by the death of the Duchess of Devonshire, all that was associated with her name and nature became more sacred to the fond survivor; to appreciate her virtues, to recall her excellencies, to refer to her local attachments, was a tender passport to the heart of Lady Besborough, who never wrote or spoke of that gracious being but all that was lovely, and animated, and energetic glowed in every word and motion; and when the silver chord of life was breaking, its retrospective vibrations thrilled to that tender strain that had ever been in unison with her more protracted existence. Derbyshire! the county that had received the Duchess of Devonshire on her entrance into life, where the rosy mornings of their youth had flown on downy wings, where the more matured hours of their life had reposed in sweet association, was chosen as the place of her final rest. The wild sublimity of its grey rocks and mountain streams, its purple heights and sylvan valleys, was congenial with their united feelings and their mutual tastes; and their remembrance had been fondly cherished in the heart of Lady Besborough:—there she chose that her last home should be, and there those who in life were so lovely, in death are not divided:

Cold are those noble hearts on Derwent's shore,  
And all their glowing energies are felt no more.

*Tables of the Values of Estates, Annuities, Assurances on Lives, &c. to which is prefixed the Doctrine of their Calculations, containing concise Methods, never before published of determining them.* By R. THOMAS, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, &c. 8vo. pp. 154. Falmouth, 1824.

With a few exceptions, we should as soon think of asking a Highlander for a pair of knee-buckles, as expect an author or a critic to know anything about estates or annuities, though we confess many of them are deeply versed in *assurance*. Mr. Thomas has, however, submitted his work to us; and, so far as we are able to judge, we are inclined to think favourably of it, since it is not only a work of considerable labour, but appears to us to be of much utility to the happy few whom it may concern, or those who are connected with establishments embracing the subjects on which it treats.

*A Guide to the French Language, consisting of Vocabulary, Verbs, Dialogues, and Exercises, adapted to the use of young Persons of both Sexes.* By ELIZABETH APPLETON, author of 'Early Education,' &c. 12mo. pp. London, 1824.

MISS APPLETON is one of the most pleasing, and at the same time, one of the most instructive female writers on education, or for the youthful generation, to which object her literary talents have been almost exclusively directed. Her Guide to

the French  
predecessor  
work is al  
from a fen  
herself fu  
The voca  
lected, an  
ply to the  
bles, &c.  
given for  
whose inst  
calculated.

THERE are  
have not  
I do not  
sation wh  
vacuity of  
indication  
devils; w  
compound  
sense of b  
that no o  
pleasure,  
ble torpor  
fests us.  
cessation  
positive p  
ther coul  
is no ha  
cleave to  
avoid. A  
relief, an  
pain as th  
cause the  
that, unde  
or wish, c  
ble melan  
the object  
be clothed  
in vain th  
—to frien  
and paint  
ness enve  
desire of  
to gain—  
time, no h  
gave us p  
and are c  
turns col  
give it ha  
pleasant  
tion now  
the scene  
river wh  
watched  
we have  
and the s  
and unmo  
in utter  
that we  
reason ha



the French language will not disgrace its predecessors, for although a philological work is almost the last we should expect from a female pen, yet Miss A. has proved herself fully competent to the subject. The vocabulary is copious and well selected, and the same observation will apply to the dialogues, the anecdotes, fables, &c. of all of which translations are given for the use of young students; for whose instruction the work is admirably calculated.

## ORIGINAL.

## THE ALBUM, No. 1.

## ENNUI.

THERE are few persons, perhaps, who have not had their moments of *ennui*. I do not mean that ill-engendered sensation which arises from idleness or vacuity of thought; that is the simple indication of the presence of *blue-devils*; what I allude to is that feeling, compounded of the spirits and the essence of blue-devils—the consciousness that no one thing in life can give us pleasure, or arouse us from the horrible torpor, the natural nausea, that infests us. In such moments, there is a cessation alike of positive pleasure and positive pain, and the presence of neither could apparently affect us: there is no happiness the heart desires to cleave to—no evil it would seek to avoid. Agony itself would almost be a relief, and the mind, indeed, looks to pain as the only incentive to action, because there is no conceivable delight that, under such feelings, we would ask, or wish, or think to enjoy. A miserable melancholy pervades all nature—the objects which surround us appear to be clothed in utter worthlessness. It is in vain that we have recourse to books—to friends—to conversation—music and painting; the same wretched bleakness envelops all things; there is no desire of the heart remaining—no point to gain—no object to excite for the time, no hope;—those things which once gave us pleasure now cease to please, and are clouded in inanity. The mind turns coldly to that which was wont to give it happiness; but it is a blank—no pleasant reflection—no sweet association now comes with it. If we turn to the scenes we have wandered over; the river whose bubbling waters we have watched and dreamed by; the flowers we have loved; the bright green fields and the sky;—they all present a desert and unmoving aspect, and seem arrayed in utter worthlessness. It is in vain that we reason with ourselves; even reason has lost its energy; we have now

no motive to be wise; we reject its dictates, and remain in a lethargic and desperate indifference, from which nothing can, we think, arouse us. A deep listlessness hovers over and shrouds all nature, and if pleasure, with her brightest and sunniest train, or pain in all its heaviest torments, were approaching, we would almost regard them with assimilated sense, and move not one jot to obtain the one, or to avert the other.

## RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

This commandment seems more calculated to individual consolation, than for the purpose of exciting others to do good; for it will generally be found that those whose hearts are prone to evil, are incapable of appreciating the motives which actuate others 'to forget and to forgive,' and that it makes no further impression than suspicion and surprise. The heart of a really bad man is never susceptible of a good feeling, but is steeled against kindness, by the suspicion of its guising an evil purpose.

## A BUBBLE OF A WORLD.

Capt. Scoresby mentions, in his journal of a voyage to the East Coast of West Greenland, that the sea at one time was observed coloured in veins or patches of a brown, or sometimes of a yellowish green tint, and the water, on being examined by the microscope, appeared swarming with minute marine animals. A drop of this water contained 26,500 animalcules. Hence, reckoning sixty drops to a dram, there would be a number in a gallon of water exceeding by one half the amount of the population of the whole globe. When we think of more than 26,000 creatures living, obtaining subsistence, and moving perfectly at ease, within the nothing of a drop of water, how unconsciously is the mind led on to universal inquiry. How infinitely beneath conception, must be the size of one of these liliputian race: and yet it has its members, limbs, veins, arteries, and muscles, and all the machinery of life; yet it has its feelings, its pleasures, and its pains, the natural gradation of infancy to old age, and all the passions concomitant to its varying state. How delightful is the theory which a fanciful imagination might deduce from the knowledge of such a fact. Who can tell what tumults and commotions, what joys and revelries, what conflicts of feeling may arise from the finite actions of that little, yet mighty globule. What terrors and what fears may agitate its fluid territories! What envies, hatreds, and all uncharitableness may reign

among its potentates; kingdom contending with kingdom, and brother with brother, in all the pomp and circumstance of war; or perhaps, what jubilee and rejoicing may sway the hearts of some happy empire at, it may be, some king's accession to the pigmy of a throne, or his marriage, or his victories; or his death. And then again, who knows what love, or hatred, or revenge, or ambition, or jealousy, or the thousand clashing passions which *flesh* is heir to, may agitate the hearts of the subjects of the state: here, the elevation of some noble, or the fall of some traitor, or the acceptance of plighted vows—the songs and sighings of some lover to his mistress, or the broils of a scolding wife; there, the perpetration of some horrible murder, or the visitation of some calamitous affliction, or the breaking of some delicate neck, or the angry contention of belligerent houses, or the discoveries of some atomy of a Davy, or the wailing of some mother for the loss of some hero of a son in battle, or the stalking abroad of death in some mighty pestilence—this, and all these, may they not be in active and perpetual operation? We might go on for ever in this inconceivable particle of a picture, and deduce from it a host of wise saws and modern instances. And yet, why should we draw sarcastic conclusions; what is life, upon its grandest scale, but a grosser type of this bubble of a world? what are the actions of men, their passions, or their hearts, but the figuration of a world whose limits are the circumference of a water-drop?

## THE BYRON MEMOIRS.

What is the general impression as to Moore's conduct in the disposition of these memoirs?

There is a certain degree of mystery in it quite unintelligible. It appears, as far as any fact can be ascertained about it, that Moore held a discretionary power to publish or suppress; how far the exercise of this power has been sound, none but himself can justly tell. He may have been actuated by motives strictly delicate and honourable;—there is no doubt of it; but he has certainly conducted to place Lord Byron's character in jeopardy.—Now, no man would write himself a villain: it is therefore natural to suppose the memoirs were in part exculpatory, and in part accusatory. And it is clear that the greater bulk must have had relation to private life, else the obnoxious passages could have been detached if forming a part only of a generalized statement. We are now, however, constrained to be-



lieve one or other of two things: viz. first, that his own autograph failed to extenuate the actions of his life; or, secondly, that the party consulted, commanded (not in delicacy but in justice) the positive suppression of the whole details. And as were the merits of the one, so in an equal ratio were the demerits of the other.

It is true it may have concerned the feelings of a female, and that female a widow, and that widow Lady Byron;—but should such a name as *his* be allowed to sink into the grave with calumny and disgrace. It cannot, we know, be held affected by the yelping of every little creature who sought to bark himself into visibility; but still it stands tainted and distorted, when perhaps the act of manly justice (though not of delicacy, I grant) might have lain it free. A great deal may be said upon the matter, but it seems to come to this at last:—Moore has consulted the feelings of a man of gallantry, and not the memory of a great man.

#### A REBUKE.

I was the other night attending a lecture, and heard one of the severest reproofs that could, I think, be given; it was doubly cutting from the abruptness with which it was thrown out. Two or three unmannered blockheads were holding converse whilst some important chemical properties were being detailed, and they greatly disturbed the silence and attention which pervaded the meeting. The lecturer stopped short in his discourse, looked towards them, and exclaimed,—‘I interrupt somebody.’ They must, I think, have felt this. W. B. L.

#### THE DINNER PARTY.

I dined the other day with my friend ——— in pursuance of a formal invitation, where were congregated a small and select party. Our dinner consisted of a variety of fish, game, the more substantial dishes, and a dessert of melons, grapes, walnuts, apples, &c. With so many good things before us we could not but do well, and the brisk circulation of madeira and port, kept off sickness, encouraged mirth, and gave us a very favourable opinion of our landlord’s hospitality. In our party was a lady, the wife of a merchant, who in addition to much native assurance, had acquired a wonderful affectation of the continental manners, which seemed to privilege her, in her own estimation, in saying all things with much grace and effect. While the females therefore kept their

seats, which indeed they would not relinquish until for decorum sake it became absolutely proper, she engrossed all the conversation under the flattering delusion of entertaining others. But, on their retiring, commercial affairs were instantly the theme, and with very little intermission occupied the ideas of the party from eight to eleven. Is it not astonishing that men who devote the principal part of their time to the drudgery and cares of business, should still let it preside over their more social moments, when one would have thought they would rather wish by sharp repartee, good humour, and conviviality to lessen their anxieties by sometimes forgetting them. For my part I sometimes think that to the prevalence of this habit among our merchants abroad we are indebted for impressing on the minds of foreigners, that all our merit consists of an indefatigable industry and search after riches—without being capable of enjoying any of the nobler pursuits, or more rational pleasures of life—such, at least, was their opinion until time convinced that this “Nation of shopkeepers” was the restorer of liberty, the defender of rights: profound in politics, and valiant in arms. ALOST.

#### THE UNFORTUNATE.

Poor——gave me a call this evening, having been several nights previously, asserting each time would probably be the last of our seeing him for some months.—This unfortunate young man, whose heart though naturally good, was unable to overcome or even to restrain the occasional bursts of an impetuous temper, is entitled to the pity of all who are liberal enough to make allowances for the indiscretions and thoughtlessness of the inexperienced. He was respectably born, well educated, and under the auspices of an aunt, who certainly did as much as could possibly be expected from a near relative.—His choice was consulted and adhered to, as to his future proceedings in life.—He was a chemist, a woollen manufacturer, a draper, a haberdasher, a soldier. At one time we beheld him recommending muslins with much address to the fair; at another gleaning laurels in the provinces of France; upright in his gait, bold in his demeanour—having exchanged the yard wand for the sabre, and the counter for the camp. The return of peace once more drove him to necessity.—Thrown again on the wide world, his wardrobe consisting only of an old huzzar dress and the remains of a shirt or two, he made his way to London, where Pro-

vidence interfered, having apparently forsaken him, and gave him the means through his own exertions of preventing the most horrible of all deaths, starvation—Too proud to beg, too honourable to steal, having no means of obtaining a livelihood, the probability of success being much against him from the want of recommendation, despair with all its awful prospects was yawning before him; when he accidentally fell into company with an old man, who listened to his tale and sympathized and believed in his misfortunes. This benevolent being whose actions did honour to his heart, took him home, gave him a seat at his table, taught him his business, and once again revived his prospects. Happiness to which he had been long a stranger shone bright upon him, when in the midst of a self congratulation, that rare attribute, by the death of his inestimable fosterfather it deserted him. It was now when overwhelmed with grief, and bursting with a thousand conflicting emotions that he sought my aid; I strived to sooth the poignancy of his feelings and to cheer him with the hope of brighter prospects, and more continued blessings, but he was in no state to imbibe those balmy consolations; and time only, that wonderful sedative, gave him comparative tranquillity. London possessing no more attractions for him, he has determined to join a party of Colonists, who are about to commence a fresh era in a far distant country, where the art he acquired is likely to be of some avail, applauded his intentions, contributed to those little necessities which are essential in a long voyage, shook him heartily by the hand, and wished him success with all the sincerity of one, who knew him in more prosperous times, who commiserated without being able to alleviate his misfortunes—and who saw him going after an employment which at the best is labourious and unprofitable.

#### The Rambles of Asmodeus, No. VI.

THIS is an ungrateful world, Mr. Editor, and the man who thinks the public will thank him for his good offices is a fool. Thank him!—no; on the contrary, he is sure either to be laughed at or insulted. This the history of all ages proves, from the time of Alcibiades the Great, whom Athens banished, down to Ex-Sheriff Parkins, who, like Jonah, is soon to be cast forth a tub (perhaps our ex-sheriff,) to the whale! Oh, much-injured ex-sheriff, how—  
‘Our sons will blush their fathers were thy foes.’

The ex-  
just about  
teazing J  
bear it, h  
country,  
tion, whe  
turned to  
what cou  
have that  
doubtful;  
been men  
has got a  
ful wheth  
ly to deco  
of Cambr  
the ex-s  
having so  
and, since  
has a part  
But it is  
the world  
Knight of  
to preven  
which, li  
under his  
bullock to  
elephant  
laughed a  
tain assen  
reform S  
taught to  
him.

Then t  
pist, Mr.  
ed to m  
they will  
neglect h  
and—

‘Truths we  
land;  
All bear, n

And eve  
the ingrat  
husband  
West Inc  
ceive my  
hinting th  
account o  
sir, read  
last novel  
have had  
even to c  
do you k  
Redgaunt  
not, or w  
review.  
Shortly a  
Ronans’  
a party i  
cious bas  
views of  
censured  
were sev  
Backbite



The ex-sheriff is going to America just about half a century too late; after teasing Jonathan as long as he will bear it, he returns, *vid France*, to this country, on the eve of a general election, when he is confident of being returned to the House of Commons,—what county, city, or borough, is to have that honour appears at present doubtful; one of the universities has been mentioned, but, as the ex-sheriff has got a habit of swearing, it is doubtful whether he can cloak it sufficiently to deceive all the learned and wise of Cambridge or Oxford. We know the ex-sheriff objects to Coventry, having so frequently been sent there, and, since he has become a treasurer, he has a particular aversion to *Hand-over*.

But it is not only to the ex-sheriff that the world is ungrateful; there is the Knight of Kunnemara, who is anxious to prevent cruelty to animals, all of which, like Sir Anthony, he has taken under his particular protection, from a bullock to a black-beetle, and from an elephant to an earwig; there he is laughed at or coughed down in a certain assembly; while, in his attempt to reform Smithfield, the very cattle are taught to kick, and the asses to insult him.

Then there is that great philanthropist, Mr. Owen, who is determined to make people happy, whether they will or not: see with what cold neglect he is treated; but thus is it ever, and—

'Truths would you teach, and save a sinking land;  
All bear, none aid you, and few understand.'

And even you, Mr. Editor, you have had the ingratitude to post me like a runaway husband in England, or negro in the West Indies, because you did not receive my ramble last week, sneeringly hinting that you hope I will give a good account of myself. Had you, my dear sir, read as carefully as I have done the last novel of 'Redgauntlet,' you would have had little time for a ramble, or even to criticize that work. By the bye, do you know the origin of the name of Redgauntlet—but indeed I know you do not, or we should have had it in your review. Why, then, I will tell you. Shortly after the publication of St. Ronans' Well, Sir Walter Scott was at a party in Edinburgh, where a malicious *basbleu* had collected all the reviews of that work, in which it was censured, and you know some of them were severe enough; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mrs. Candour, and the rest of

the Scandal Club were not more censorious than this assemblage of blue-stockings, who, with the regularity of parson and clerk, read every passage likely to annoy the worthy baronet, who blushed excessively. At this moment Jeffrey entered, and while he shook Sir Walter by the hand, could scarcely withhold a laugh. 'You look red, Sir Walter,' said Mr. Jeffery. 'Yes, and you would look red too,' said Scott, 'if you had to run the gauntlet of a dozen sour critics, and twice the number of still sourer old maids, as I have had;' 'Good,' said Jeffrey—red and gauntlet, excellent—why let your next novel be called Redgauntlet, and shame the fools.' 'It shall be so, give me your hand,' replied Sir Walter, 'and I will write the first volume to-night.'

In addition to my being occupied in reading the thousand and one pages of Redgauntlet, I have gone through Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship, and taken more than one dose of the Devil's Elixir, from which I confess I find myself so wonderfully refreshed as to pursue my rambles.

And so Elliston, to the numerous list of characters he performs with such ability and applause, has been playing—the fool, and suspending the free-list during the time that Madame Catalani sings three or four songs per night at Drury Lane Theatre: I was in the Green Room when this measure was discussed in close divan. The proceedings in the House of Lords or Commons were not more regular, and the great lessee, after a powerful speech, moved 'that the free-list of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, be suspended for fourteen days.' The motion was seconded by the call-boy: a long pause ensued, when Mr. Bunn (a good-natured fellow Bunn) rose, and, in a speech of great eloquence, proposed, as an amendment, that, instead of the words 'the free list,' there should be substituted 'Mr. Elliston;' a violent debate ensued, when the original motion was carried by a majority of one.

Poor Brougham, of Brougham Castle, has suffered dreadfully within the last few days: the amateur pauper, Gourlay, who crossed the Atlantic and settled in Canada for the sole and patriotic purpose of unsettling the government there, having failed in the experiment at home, despairing of attracting public attention, determined on horse-whipping the first M. P. he met with on a certain day,—poor Brougham was the victim; Gourlay was seized and declared to be mad thus:—

'Brougham and Gourlay at first were friends;  
But when a pique began,  
Gourlay, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad, and struck his man.'

Gourlay has written a dozen letters a day to the speaker and other members of the House of Commons, and, as a proof of his insanity, has challenged Mr. Owen to a disputation; though what they should dispute about we know not, since their object is the same,—namely, 'the welfare of the world: poor-law, reform, and emigration connected with it—the improvement of the British peasantry, and the spread of industrious men throughout the earth,—the growth of humanity,—and the glory of God.' Such Gourlay declares are his views, and my friend Owen, with whom I passed a happy month at New Lanark, proposes the same objects. But to return to Mr. Brougham.—A few days ago there was a meeting for the purpose of raising a monument to the memory of James Watt, the great improver of the steam engine. On the forenoon of that day, I had been transacting some business with the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, relative to the fees at the Abbey, and was returning towards Charing Cross; I found at the door of a certain place, a sheet of a small popular work,\* and, not knowing to whom it belonged, I put it in my pocket until I called at Peel's Coffee House, when I thought I would ascertain what was the treasure I had found. As it appeared fresh torn from a volume, I considered it had dropped from the pocket of some chemist who had been extracting, or rather *Accum-ulating*. I however afterwards found some marginal notes, which I immediately recognised to be in the hand-writing of my friend Brougham, with whom I had had a long correspondence on the subject of education. The subject was the steam-engine, and, by the broad stroke in ink along the margin of certain passages, I suspected they were intended to be passed off as original at the meeting. I love fun, and, God forgive me, sent the sheet, marks and all, to the Earl of Liverpool, who made admirable use of them at the meeting. The passage speaking of Watt states that the steam-engine, by his admirable contrivances, became a thing 'stupendous, alike for its force and its flexibility, for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease and precision and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or rend an oak is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal,

\* Copied, I believe, from the Scotsman.



and crush matters of obdurate metal before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer,—and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors—cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the wind and waves.'

Mr. Brougham, being detained to give an opinion in an action of crim. con., did not arrive until late; no sooner, however, had he entered the room, than he rose with his usual gravity, and thundered out the above description of the steam-engine, which had been so modestly quoted by the Earl of Liverpool. There was a sort of malicious grin on the lip of all present; and my friend Robinson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was present, and to whom I whispered the hoax I had played off (and he is not the first gentleman holding the same office with whom I have been on terms of friendship), laughed so heartily, and looked so earnestly at me, that I considered, whoever might remain, it was no longer safe for

ASMODEUS.

### Original Poetry.

#### SONNET.

*Sacred to the Memory of Capel Lofft, Esq.*

SCARCE had the muse bewept her Byron's doom,

And strew'd the laurels o'er his early tomb;  
Scarce had the tear that love and pity shed  
O'er worth rever'd—now number'd with the dead!

Dried up the source and fountain of his breath,  
When Lofft resign'd his spirit unto death!  
Like him in genius and in worth allied,  
And left a blank not easily supplied!  
O muse endear'd to every tender heart,  
Peace to thy manes, and gentle be thy rest!  
Long may the willow its fond branches wave,  
Whilst the sweet nightingale, perch'd on thy grave,

Sings to the list'ning vale and shady grove  
Thy matchless song\*—to Laura—and to love!  
15th June, 1824. HATT.

#### MARIA.

PASS by and not pity that pale-faded form!

The wreck and the ruin of beauty so rare,  
That shivers, unshelter'd, and shrinks from the storm,—

The victim of want, and the child of despair?  
By heavens! I cannot—my tears will awake  
For the bosom that bleeds, and the heart that must break.

Loud roars the rough wind, and the cold beating rain

Down her poor wither'd cheek drives each ling'ring tear,

As her eyes wildly wander around her in vain,  
For no friend whispers comfort, no shelter is near:

\* Mr. Lofft was exceedingly fond of the 'Sonnet,' and his correspondence with the amiable and now departed H. K. White on its structure was both learned and refined. H.

An orphan, an outcast, she finds no relief,  
But sinks 'neath a burden of guilt and of grief.

Accurs'd be the villain, though cover'd with gold,

That rent the soft bosom where peace once abode;

I would the base coward were here to behold  
The woe he has wrought for the bliss she bestow'd:

If he wept not—by heav'n! the savage should then

Be mark'd for a monster and driven from men!

Poor girl! I have heard her oft lall'd with delight,

The hope of the hamlet, the pride of the grove:

And I've join'd the young peasants to pledge her at night,

The rose-bud of beauty, the lily of love!

Ah! rude must the tempest have been that could blast,

Both the bud of the future and bloom of the past.

O! could her fond mother but wake from the dead,

And burst through the bars and the bonds of the grave:

Methinks how she'd weep on that unshelter'd head,

And around the last child of wretchedness rave!

But I'll speak—that the night-wind to heaven may bear

The whisper of peace with the penitent's prayer

Maria!—how slowly she raises her eyes,

And mournfully smites on her desolate breast!

Maria! her hopes are now fix'd on the skies,  
And her spirit seems wing'd for the mansions of rest!

Maria!—she trembles and prays to her God.

Maria!—shall slumber beneath the green sod.

JESSE HAMMOND.

### Fine Arts.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF LONDON.—No. VII.

THE present number of this interesting publication is inferior to none of the preceding ones; nor is there any indication of remissness on the part of the editors: on the contrary, they appear to conduct the work with spirit, and have here given an additional plate. The first subject is the London Institution, of which we have a plate containing an elevation and two plans. We regret, however, that they are on rather too minute a scale; for, owing to this, some of the characteristic details of the design are rather hinted at than made out. This edifice, which may certainly rank among the most important of the public buildings erected within the present century, is a considerable ornament to the city, and a good example of the adaptation of pure Grecian architecture to modern purposes. Mr. Brooks has displayed considerable originality and good taste, both in the exterior and in-

terior decoration; and, in point of internal arrangement, nothing can be more convenient or appropriate. The entrance-hall is particularly classic, chaste, and elegant; it is separated into three portions by two rows of fluted Ionic columns, forming an approach to the staircase; and the view is terminated by a small octangular vestibule, leading to the theatre; the effect of which is rendered more striking by a rich sunny glow produced by tinted glass. The saloon, or library, is a very fine apartment, not much ornamented, yet possessing considerable beauty and nobleness. Its dimensions are 97 feet by 42, and 28 high. Here, too, we cannot fail to admire the excellent arrangement (similar to that at Trinity College Library, Dublin) by which the room is rendered capable of containing a much greater number of books than it could do, were only the walls fitted up with shelves. On each side of the room are seven recesses, formed by partitions between the walls and pilasters, which partitions are shelved on both sides. Independently of the space thus gained, these recesses form convenient cabinets for the purpose of reading, &c. We perceive that it is intended to give a view of this apartment.

The next plate, containing a section and plan of Henry VIIIth's chapel, is a very good one, and executed with great delicacy; it is certainly superior to any subject of the kind that has hitherto appeared in the present work.

The elevation of the Strand front of Somerset House appears to us somewhat deficient in spirit. With respect to the building itself, it has been objected that the basement story is too lofty for the order which it supports, but we cannot say that it appears to us to be so; neither do we perceive that there is, or that it is desirable that there should be, any precise relation between the basement of a building and the rest of the elevation; this must vary according to circumstances and to the character of the building: were it a fixed proportion, like that of a pedestal to its column, no variety could be obtained. We are of opinion that even the double basement (of which there is an instance in the Treasury) may occasionally be employed with very good effect. This at Somerset House is in a particularly noble taste; and we regret, therefore, to perceive that a species of decoration so well adapted to street architecture should, of late years, have been entirely laid aside. It is much to be wished that a street were opened directly oppo-



site Somerset House, to form a good communication between Holborn and the Strand, by which means, among other advantages, this façade would become a more striking and prominent object than it now is.

The Flemish Picture Gallery, at Mr. Hope's house, is an interesting subject, though there are certain particulars which we are not greatly disposed to admire; among these are the doors, which are in a very peculiar style,—they appear to us to be much too high for their other proportions. The pictures are numerous, and in their arrangement the utmost attention has been paid to symmetry.

The four next plates are devoted to Covent Garden Theatre; of which they present the elevation of the east front, various sections, and a perspective view of the staircase to the boxes. This latter is not so well executed as we could wish; it seems, to our eye, somewhat out of proportion, for it conveys the idea of a much greater extent in length than the staircase itself possesses; at the same time it has not the imposing air and elegance of the original. We doubt, too, if the details be altogether correct; as to this, however, we cannot speak positively, for, although we have always admired the general effect of this noble ascent,—which, by the bye, bears some affinity of character to that at Holkham House, Norfolk,—we have not sufficiently studied its details and profiles to be able to point out how far the present drawing is inaccurate, if so it really be. The sections are exceedingly valuable, but, until we possess the ground-plans and the descriptive text, we cannot perfectly comprehend so complicated a structure. We have here the commencement of the letter-press, and are sorry to find that it is more likely to prove an historical essay on the drama than an architectural description of this theatre.

Determined to begin *ab ovo*, the writer, Mr. C. Dibdin, goes back to those rudiments of the histrionic art in England, the Mysteries; not forgetting to throw in a word or two respecting the morality of the stage. Now this, it must be confessed, is somewhat irrelevant; the history, if history were necessary, should be that of the building of theatres, and of the architectural changes and improvements which have, from time to time, been made in them. The drama is quite a distinct subject, and ought not to have been mixed up with it; we might as well, in the account of St. Paul's, have been treated with a history of the doctrines of the

church of England; and a clever writer might have contrived to have given us an outline of the history of the Reformation, not forgetting to touch upon the subject of our church establishment.

We have before animadverted upon this anomalous feature in a work which, in its general plan, is decidedly architectural, and regret that, by the introduction of such irrelevant matter, to the exclusion of that more immediately connected with the subject, its interest and value should be much lessened with respect to that class of readers and purchasers for whom it is more obviously designed. By this sort of compromising, and an endeavour to render the work half technical and half popular, it satisfies no one. In expressing ourselves thus freely on this point, we beg leave to say that it is without the slightest wish to disparage Mr. Dibdin's labours; so far, indeed, are we from questioning his ability to produce a good history of the stage and drama, that we wish he would strenuously apply himself to the task, and undertake it on an adequate scale, instead of contenting himself with giving to the public the brief summary to which he is here necessarily confined.

The account of St. Pancras Church, with which we are here furnished by Messrs. Britton and Brayley, is one of the best we have yet met with in the work, as far as relates to the actual history and description of the edifice; the information it contains being nearly altogether new. We copy the following extract for our readers:—

‘The interior of this edifice is approached by three doorways only, all of which are ranged under the western portico, for the purpose of preventing cross draughts of air, as well as contrary currents of persons. The two side doorways open into vestibules, for the use of the galleries and side aisles of the church: a large and handsome expanded flower, stuccoed, forms the central ornament of each ceiling. The middle doorway opens into a lofty octagonal vestibule, presenting the internal effect of the Tower of the Winds; it is enlightened by small windows, partially glazed with tinted glass. The door-cases are very highly enriched; their different members being ornamented with the rose, lotus, honey-suckle, and other classic adornments. The principal entrance into the body of the church opens into this vestibule.

‘The interior, which is 60 feet wide, and 117 feet in length, is designed in imitation of the general plan of ancient temples; but with some altera-

tions for the purpose of adapting it to opposite customs, and a different mode of worship. A peristyle of eight columns on each side, with six additional columns flanking the approach from the west, supports the galleries, which are continued along the north, west, and south sides. The altar part or *sacrum*, consists of a tribune resembling the half of a circular Ionic temple, enriched with six scagliola columns, which are raised on a sub-basement, and support an architrave and ceiling above: on the latter are reliefs of the sacramental cup, and Grecian ornaments splendidly gilt. The columns are formed of timber, covered with scagliola in imitation of *verde antique* marble; the interior columns of the Erechtheum having been found to be of marble of that description. Beneath the windows are the Decalogue, Lord's Prayer, and Belief, inscribed on plain tablets of statuary marble. This recess has three windows. The ceiling of the church, which is horizontal, is divided into numerous paneled compartments, or *caissons*, ornamented with expanded flowers in plaster; some of them in bold relief, and others deeply sunk within the panels: this was designed as an imitation of the manner of decorating the timber ceilings in ancient temples. In the western gallery is a large organ; and in the front are the royal arms of George IV. At this end, in recesses, elevated over the side vestibules, are the seats for the parochial free-schools, which are approached by small private staircases, in order to prevent an interference with the principal staircases. The sashes, casements, &c. of the window openings are all of cast iron, glazed with ground glass; and within each is a rim of coloured glass, ornamented with the Grecian honeysuckle. The pewing of the galleries, as well as in the area, is wainscot, and the organ-case is also of the same wood. Both the pulpit and reading-desk, though dissimilar, are designed in a style of chasteness and simplicity; they stand opposite to each other, between the easternmost columns, on each side of the church, and are remarkable from having been constructed out of the remains of the Fairlop Oak; the wood is finely grained, and has been highly polished. The church has convenient sittings for 2,500 persons.”

It is almost impossible to speak too highly of the exquisite taste which is so conspicuous throughout the interior of this beautiful place of worship. A pleasing harmony pervades the whole; and although simplicity is its character-



istic, there is not the least appearance of meanness or want of finish about it; on the contrary, the details are all exquisitely designed and executed, so as to bear the closest inspection. Shortly after the church was opened, we remember seeing some very absurd cavilling in one or two journals: one writer censured the architect for having deviated from the usual form in the design for the organ, by adopting forms more analogous to those of Grecian architecture, and therefore more accordant with the building itself. Instead, however, of commending his judgment for so doing, he sneeringly compared it to a carpenter's tool chest: 'very like a whale indeed,' good Mister Critic! Another wight, of equal taste, found fault with the ceiling, because Mr. Inwood had not introduced some bold, large, oval compartments, like those in the designs of Jones, &c.! This sufficiently shows what exquisite feeling and discrimination this gentleman\* possessed, and how far he entered into the spirit of Grecian architecture. We could ourselves, perhaps, have wished a few of the details to have been somewhat different, although we certainly do admire the building as it is. We think that if Grecian scrolls, somewhat similar to those between the bases of the columns of the altar, had been introduced over the windows, they would have given an elegant finish to them, and rendered them more ornamental. Another thing that we think might have been done to greater extent, with very good effect, is the flowering or pattern work, on the coloured glass border of the windows; this might, in our opinion have judiciously been made to decorate the whole window; we think, too, that a faint tinge of a warm tone would have been an improvement. The application of ground glass cannot be too highly commended, as, by excluding all external objects, it is equally favourable in an architectural or devotional point of view. We have no room now to offer any com-

\* We believe this was the same writer who, in some remarks on the new street, that appeared in the Literary Museum, very facetiously observed, that strangers mistake the County Fire Office, opposite Carlton Palace, for the latter edifice, and, vice versâ, the palace for the Fire Office:—why, very likely they may, if they are no better judges than the critic himself. A man may possibly mistake a lady of the saloon for a well-bred woman of quality. Carlton House is unfavourably situated, and it is also deficient in actual magnitude; but there is an air of dignified grandeur, in the front towards Pall Mall, to which it would be difficult to produce a single parallel in this metropolis. To compare any of the recent flimsy buildings in the New Street with it, is absolutely absurd.

ments upon the external architecture of this structure: we can only say that, taking it altogether, it is the most beautiful religious edifice we possess. But is it sufficiently appreciated, or has it as yet had any influence on public taste? This is a question which we ask with anxiety, and are almost tempted to reply by a direct negative, when we behold such execrable examples of beggarly littleness, meanness, and deformity, that start up in various quarters of the town. Nothing can be conceived more hideous than many of these buildings are, or more contemptible and ridiculous. As a sample of the rare doings in this way, we may point out a chapel just on the road leading from Kennington to Brixton, which has such a crazy, crack-brained, odd look about it, that one would very naturally imagine that the builder, or rather his employers, inhabit a certain stately mansion not many miles distant from the obelisk in St. George's Fields.

### The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—We know not why the winter theatres keep so long open, for there are at least three or four months in the year in which they do not fill, be the attractions what they may. Even Madame Catalani, a host in herself, who is engaged for a few nights at this theatre, and outrageously puffed in the bills, does not fill the house, as we should have expected at least, though she gives three or four of her best songs in her best manner. On Wednesday night, Mr. Macready sustained the character of Wolsey, in Shakspeare's Henry VIII. In the latter scenes his acting was admirable, and, although without any tincture of imitation, was rendered as impressive as that of Kemble.

**COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.**—Mr. Kent has again buckled on the armour of Gloucester, in Richard the Third, and although his performance was improved, yet he has evidently aimed too high, and that very indiscreetly; he must, in fact, either be very vain or very ill-advised, to attempt a field on which there have been so many aspirants and so many failures; and yet we think there's mettle in the fellow too, if it was better employed.

A young lady of the name of Nesbitt made her debut on these boards on the 18th inst. in the part of Juliet; for which she possesses many requisites,

such as a fine person, handsome,—we had almost said beautiful face, graceful action, and a voice of peculiar sweetness. Allowing for the embarrassment of a first appearance, her performance was one of great merit, particularly the garden scene; and she promises to be a valuable addition to the female votaries of the stage at this theatre.

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—Those who have not seen Mr. Mathews' Trip to America, will learn with regret that this evening is the last for the season.—One consolation, however, we have to offer, and that is that this inimitable actor is engaged by Mr. Arnold for the summer campaign in one of the best companies ever collected, including, in addition to old favourites, not only Mr. Mathews, but Braham, Miss Stephens, Rayner, Miss Kelly, and several other distinguished performers.

### Literature and Science.

The Remains of Robert Bloomfield, consisting of unpublished pieces in prose and poetry, will be published in a few days, for the exclusive benefit of his family.

The King of the Netherlands has given 100 florins to the University of Ghent to purchase books at the sale of the noble library of Mr. Meerman.

**Mr. Lowry, the Engraver.**—The friends of science and the arts will be grieved to learn that this celebrated artist died on Thursday morning, between two and three o'clock. The mechanical part of the art of engraving owes more to Mr. Lowry than to any other of the celebrated artists of which England can boast, or to all of them united.—Indeed, he may be considered as the father and founder of this branch of the art. He was of an affable and obliging temper, and ever ready to give aids in the line of his profession to the younger artists; but his acquirements were not confined to engraving: he was eminently skilled in all the different branches of science; and in mineralogy, in particular, he had but few equals.—*Star.*

The Ghent journal contains an article, stating that it is reported that a person in that province has obtained from his Majesty a patent for a new invention, which will supply the place of steam-engines, with great advantage in point of economy, and with far less danger.

**Monument to Mr. Watt.**—On Friday the 18th inst. one of the most gratifying public meetings we ever witnessed, took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of determining on erecting a monument to James Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine—that right arm of British commerce and manufacture—that great source of British wealth. The Earl of Liverpool being called to the chair, commenced the business of the meeting by calling its attention to the great services Mr. Watt



had rendered his country. His lordship concluded by announcing that his Majesty wished to take the lead in this tribute to the memory of a man who had raised himself from the rank of an humble mathematical instrument maker, at Glasgow, to the highest fame, as well as to wealth, by subscribing five hundred pounds. Sir Humphry Davy, P. R. S. proposed the first resolution:—‘That the late James Watt, Esq. by the profound science and original genius displayed in his admirable inventions, has, more than any other man of modern times, exemplified the practical utility of knowledge, enlarged the power of man over the external world, and both multiplied and diffused the accommodations and enjoyments of human life.’ Mr. Bolton, son of the partner of Mr. Watt, at Soho, next addressed the meeting, and was followed by Mr. Huskisson, who moved as the second resolution:—‘That these benefits, conferred by Mr. Watt on the whole civilized world, have been first and most experienced by his own country, which owes a tribute of national gratitude to a man who has thus honoured her by his genius, and promoted her well-being by his discoveries.’ This resolution was seconded by Sir James Mackintosh, who, in an eloquent speech, happily quoted the account of that imaginary temple which Bacon, in one of his tracts, dedicates to science, and setting a gallery apart for the statues of inventors; he also quoted another observation from the same great writer, in which he observes that, while the heathens classed heroes and founders of states amongst their demi-gods, they ranked inventors of arts among their gods. The honourable gentleman, in the course of his speech, passed a high, but deserved eulogium on the attention which was made to the lectures at the Mechanics’ Institution, by the members.—Mr. Brougham alluded to the same subject, and concluded a speech which was a new version of that of the Earl of Liverpool (which it is justice to say he had not heard), by moving:—‘That a monument be erected to his memory, either in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul’s, or in the Collegiate Church of St. Peter’s, Westminster; and that a subscription for that purpose be forthwith opened.’—Nothing, however, transpired at the meeting half so gratifying as the speech of Mr. Peel, the secretary of State for the home department:—‘Justice,’ said he, ‘as far as human nature can do justice, has been done to the merits of Mr. Watt by the noble earl and those who have followed him in addressing the meeting; I, however, stand on different grounds, and owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Watt, which distinguishes me from them. I am one of those numberless persons who have derived a direct personal benefit from his inventions—indeed, I owe all I possess in the world to the honest industry of others; and base and worthless must that mind be, and cold his heart, who, on such an occasion as this, hesitated to acknowledge his origin and the

debt he owes with any other feeling than that of gratitude.’ This allusion to the cotton manufacture, which had received new life and spirit from the discovery of Mr. Watt, and to which the family of Mr. Peel owes its rise, was received with loud cheers.—Thanks being voted to the chairman, a liberal subscription was entered into, to which the Earl of Liverpool gave £100, when the meeting separated.

**Balloon Ascent.**—In our last we noticed Mr. Graham’s ascent in a balloon on the preceding Thursday. He was accompanied by Capt. Beaufoy; and as this gentleman has given an account of his aerial voyage, which is the only intelligible narrative of the sort that has been written for some time, we shall give it a place in our Chronicle:—‘Just before ascending,’ says Capt. Beaufoy, ‘the barometer stood at 29 inches 8-10ths, thermometer 66 degrees, the hygrometer 17 dry; time of starting, precisely five minutes past six o’clock. The balloon rose most majestically, and we were directly above Waterloo Bridge at eight minutes and a half past six. At this moment the barometer was at 27 inches 4-10ths, and we could observe every street of the metropolis, from Blackwall to Kensington. The scene of the environs was beautiful beyond description, and every object appearing as flat as on a map—even the hills seemed to be sunk on the same level with the valleys. At 16 minutes past six, the barometer was at 23 inches 3-10ths, and when the thermometer was at 39 degrees, hygrometer 20 dry, we passed through the clouds, and getting into another current of air, the balloon revolved gently, which caused a slight feeling of sickness; the clouds, while we were passing through, appeared like a mist, and the hygrometer still showed three degrees drier than when on the earth. We experienced now a disagreeable noise in the ear, what is commonly called a “singing,” which continued the whole time after, and did not leave me till next morning.—On ascending above the clouds, they appeared like a sea of frozen snow, with dark fissures between, and in some places the clouds opened, and gave us a distinct view of the city and metropolis and the environs. The sky above was beautifully blue, and the sun shone brilliantly, tinged with a silver hue the tops of the wide expanse of clouds, and particularly those that rose like mountains above the others. There were still a few white clouds at a great distance above us. The car again revolved in a current of air. Barometer at 21 inches 5-10ths. The highest point we attained was, by the barometer, 19 in. 2-10ths; the hygrometer, 32 dry; thermometer, 32 degree; time, 20 minutes to 7. We now heard a report of a gun, which we had heard once or twice before. We now let off a pigeon from a basket, having first fastened a label to it, on which we wrote “above the clouds.” The pigeon, after making two or three circles, darted through the clouds towards the earth.

Whenever we caught glimpses of the country through the clouds, the view was beautiful and interesting, but the sight of the silvery sea of clouds to the very verge of the horizon was truly magnificent; the sun shone on some parts of the Thames, which were visible to us, and was reflected beautifully; the river itself seemed dwindled to a small stream, so much so, that we could not distinguish any objects on it. The barometer now stood at 19 inches 5-10ths; thermometer, thirty-one degrees; time 18 minutes to 7. The balloon had not hitherto appeared to make much progress except in elevation, but now it waited rapidly to the south, and a small portion of gas being let out, we gradually commenced our descent. On re-passing the clouds, the barometer was 22 inches 3-10ths; thermometer, 38 deg.; hygrometer, 23 dry; time, three minutes to seven. The sensation in the ears still continued. We now descended rapidly, which gave a disagreeable impression of space without any object to rest the eye on. The voice seemed weaker and lower than either above or below the clouds. The balloon again revolved, and at seven o’clock every object became perfectly distinct, and the sheep appeared like dots, and the trees like bushes. In three minutes after, Mr. Graham threw out his grappling irons, and the balloon descended with surprising rapidity, and we could see the people running to meet us. The grappling-irons caught a hedge first, and next a large oak tree, which brought us into a field belonging to Mr. M. Wilks, in the parish of Tunbridge, one mile from Godstone, where we safely arrived, without the least injury being done to the balloon or car.’

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.		1 o'clock Noon.		11 o'clock Night.		Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.		Weather.
June 18	51	60	50	30	06				Fair.
.... 19	51	56	55	..	69				Rain.
.... 20	54	60	56	29	45				Stormy.
.... 21	55	65	56	..	55				Cloudy.
.... 22	54	65	55	..	61				Fair.
.... 23	55	61	52	..	42				Rain.
.... 24	52	53	55	..	46				Do.

## The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

**Burke’s Humour.**—When his friend, the Rev. Mr. Marlay, was appointed to the deanery of Ferns, ‘I do not like the name,’ said he, ‘it sounds so like a barren title; it might be a subject for contest between Mr. Heath, and Mr. Moss.’ Alluding to livings, he observed that Horace had a good one in view, speaking of—*Est modus in rebus sunt certi denique fines*; which he translated ‘a modus in the tythes and fines certain.’ When some one inquired whether the Isle of Man was worth a journey thither to see, ‘By all



means,' said Mr. Burke, 'the proper study of mankind is man.' Boswell, when trying to give a definition of man, called him a cooking animal; 'your definition is good,' replied Mr. Burke; 'I now see the full force of the common proverb, "there is reason in the roasting of eggs." When the same industrious chronicler was describing some learned ladies assembled around, and vying in attention to a worthy and tall friend of theirs (Johnson), 'Ay,' said Mr. Burke, 'like maids round a may-pole.' In allusion to the chairing of Mr. Wilkes, he applied to it Horace's description of Pindar's numbers—'*Fertur numeris lege solutis*,' altering the second word to *humeries*; he (Wilkes) is carried on shoulders uncontrolled by law.

**Interesting Anecdote.**—On what little accidents do the great events of this world often depend! During the American revolutionary war, when the two armies were near each other, an English officer, who was stationed at one of the outposts, observed a general officer of the enemy approaching to reconnoitre with a telescope the English position. He was on horseback; and not perceiving the English picquet, approached within shot, so near as to offer a sure mark. The finger was on the trigger, when the Englishman's heart failed him: he could not bear to take away the life of one who apprehended no danger; and lowering the gun, he suffered the unconscious American to pass on. This American was—General Washington.

**Ancient and Modern Warfare.**—Voltaire remarks, that two monks, Roger Bacon, who invented gunpowder, and Schwartz, who perfected the invention, have in reality changed the face of the earth. Before cannon were known (he proceeds) the northern nations had subjugated nearly the whole hemisphere, and could come again, like famishing wolves, to seize upon the lands as their ancestors had done. In all armies, the victory, and consequently the fate of kingdoms, was decided by bodily strength and agility—a sort of sanguinary fury—a desperate struggle, man to man. Intrepid men took towns by scaling the walls. There was hardly more discipline in the armies of the North, during the decline of the Roman empire, than among carnivorous beasts rushing on their prey.—Now, a single frontier fortress would suffice to stop the armies of Genghis or Attila. In battle, men the weakest in body may, with well-directed artillery, prevail against the stoutest. The combatants no longer close. The soldier has no longer that ardour—that impetuosity, which is redoubled in the heat of action, when the fight is hand to hand. Strength, skill, and even the temper of the weapons, are useless.—*Philosophical Dictionary.*

**Encouragement for Lawyers.**—A young professional gentleman, who chanced to be in the company of a beautiful lady, who had imbibed an antipathy to the gentlemen of the long robe and big wig, and ever kept at a respectful distance from law contact, but was herself a ward in chancery,

irresistibly won over the countenance of the lady to the profession by the gallant and happy declaration, that it was his felicitous lot to study only in the *Court of Common Pleas*! It scarcely need be added, that he afterwards successfully practised in the court of Hymen with the young lady herself, and soon proved to his abler friends in the profession, that he had rapidly made himself master of *marry-time law*!

**Pulsation and the Funds.**—Dr. Chirac, a French physician, was once called to see a lady, and while he was in her bedchamber, he heard that the price of stock had considerably decreased. As he happened to be a large holder of the Mississippi Bonds, he was alarmed at the news; and being seated near the patient, whose pulse he was feeling, he said, with a deep sigh, 'Ah, good God! they keep sinking—sinking—sinking!' The poor sick lady hearing this, uttered a loud shriek; the people ran to her immediately. 'Ah!' said she, 'I shall die; M. de Chirac has just said three times, as he felt my pulse, "They keep sinking!"' The doctor recovered himself soon, and said, 'You dream; your pulse is very healthy, and you are very well. I was thinking of the Mississippi stocks, upon which I lose my money, because their price sinks.' This explanation satisfied the sick lady.

**Emigration to the United States.**—The whole number of passengers that arrived in the United States during the year ending on the 30th of September, 1823, amounted to—males, 5,243; females, 1,034; sex not stated, 1,839;—total number of passengers, 8,166. Of this number there were 1,749 citizens of the United States, which leaves the total amount of foreigners 6,417, of which it is probable that at least 1,700 have returned, so that the whole number of emigrants to the United States, from all parts of the world, did not amount to 5000 in the year.

**Isis.**—Alluding to the antique mode of symbolising the mysterious nature which is at the heart of all things, and connects all things into one whole, Professor Kant remarks, 'that perhaps in all human composition there is no passage of greater sublimity, nor among sublime thought any which has been more sublimely expressed, than that which occurs in the inscription upon the temple of Isis (the great mother—nature): *I am whatsoever is—whatsoever shall be: and the veil which is over my countenance no mortal hand hath ever raised.*'

**Sir Thomas More's Head.**—A few days since, in making some necessary repairs in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury, a box was found, containing the head of the great Lord Chancellor of England, who was condemned to the block by that ruthless king Henry VIII. for refusing to take the oath of supremacy to that self-willed monarch. The head, with the exception of a few of the teeth, was much decayed; and the sacred remains have been restored to their resting-place. Our readers are

aware that Sir Thomas was beheaded on the 6th of July, 1535, in the 53d year of his age; but they are not, perhaps, equally aware, that after the execution, though the body was buried in the church of St. Peter, in the Tower, and afterwards in Chelsea Church, where it now lies, yet his head was set on a pole upon London Bridge, and was afterwards privately bought by his daughter Maragrat, wife of John Roper, Esq. (a distinguished family long resident in the parish of St. Dunstan). His daughter preserved the head in a box with much devotion, and placed it in a vault, partly in the wall on the south side of the church, where it was recently discovered, and very near to her own tomb. The south chancel of the church is called the Roper Chancel; and there hung the helmet and surcoat, with the arms of Sir T. More on it.

**Works published since our last notice.**—Oster's Life and Remains of the Rev. Edw. D. Clarke, 4to. 34. 13s. The Devil's Elixir, from the German, 2 vols. 14s. Skelton's Works, 6 vols. 8vo. 34. 12s. Count Struensee's Conversion, 8vo. 8s. Gesta Romanorum, by the Rev. C. Swan, 2 vols. 12mo. 18s. Defoe's History of the Plague, abridged, 3s. Bullock's Mexico, 8vo. 18s. Captain Rock Detected, foolscap, 8s. Tour in Germany, 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. Stevenson's Account of the Bell Rock Light House, royal 4to. 5d. 5s. Nichol's Account of St. Catherine's Hospital and Church, 4to. 10s. 6d. Narrative of Shipwrecks, 2s. Howe's Meditations, 3s. Encyclopadia Metropolitana, Part XII. 4to. 14. 1s.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,  
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

**THE GALLERIES for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the Works of British Artists ARE NOW OPEN, from Eight till Dusk.**

Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
W. LINTON, Secretary.

Just published, 5s.

**A NARRATIVE of the SUFFERINGS of GENERAL RIEGO and his Aid-de-Camp, Mr. G. MATTHEWES, in the Dungeons of Spain, from Sept. 1823, to April 1824, at which period Mr. G. M. was released; and of the latter Events of the Spanish Revolution, including an Account of the Capture of General Riego, and of what followed until his Imprisonment at Madrid, &c. &c.**

By GEORGE MATTHEWES, An Englishman.  
Sold by Simpkin and Co., Stationers' Court; Rodwell and Martin, Bond Street; and all other Booksellers.

This day is published, 6s. sewed,

**A SUPPLEMENT to PALÆOROMANICA, with remarks on the Strictures made on that Work by the BISHOP OF ST. DAVID's; the Rev. J. J. CONYBEARE, A. M. Prebendary of York, &c.; the BRITISH CRITIC; also by the Rev. W. G. BROUGHTON, M. A.; and by Dr. FALCONER.**

This Pamphlet, besides presenting a full view of the Palæoromantic Hypothesis, gives an account of a German Controversy on the original language of the New Testament. It contains also many emendations, and some Strictures on the merits of Porson as a Critic.

Printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street.

London:—Published by Davidson, at No. 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Ray, Creed Lane; Ridgway, Piccadilly; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Richardson, Cornhill; Chapple, Pall Mall; Sutherland, Calton Street, Edinburgh; Griffin and Co., Glasgow; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, 16, Serle's Place, Carey Street.